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A STUDY OF HAMLET.

IT has long been conceded that of all Shakespeare's characters *Hamlet* is the one which furnishes the most fertile field for criticism, and is at the same time most elusive in quality and most difficult of adequate interpretation. In all of his creations Shakespeare exhibits the possession of those wonderful powers which enabled him to depict, as no other poet has done, the secret workings of the human heart and the deeper and more profound experiences of life. In every character that he ever drew we recognize the presence of a genius which knew no bounds. But in *Hamlet* he seems to have risen to the full measure of his greatness as the poet of all ages, and the successful explorer of the deeper and more hidden mysteries of the human soul. *Lear* is sublime in his rugged simplicity and the tempest of his agony and fury; *Othello* is grand in the conflict of his emotions and the wide sweep of his passionate nature; *Romeo* is the embodiment of love, converted by excessive warmth and intensity of feeling into a consuming fire; *Richard III.* takes possession of our imagination by audacity and force as an expression of demoniac energy of will; *Antony* and *Cleopatra* insinuate themselves through the senses, and are seen through a golden haze of sensuous splendor; *Macbeth* reveals the awful depths of remorse, the direful consequences of crime, and the suffering of a guilty soul pursued by conscience. In their way these characters are incomparably great, and show Shakespeare in some of his highest and grandest moments of inspiration. Indeed, as we follow Shakespeare's mind revealing itself through these wonderful creations, we are amazed at the rapidity of thought, the depth of insight, the subtlety of intellect, and the fer-

tility of imagination which rendered them possible. Ages change, the world grows old, and new forms of life and thought appear and disappear. But, unchanging in their brilliancy, and permanent in their exalted position, these luminous creations become brighter and brighter as years roll on, and the world grows into a clearer appreciation of what is highest and best in poetry.

But while this is true of all these characters, it is also true that *Hamlet* is equally great, and reveals, as no other character has done, the finer and more essential qualities of Shakespeare's mind and art. Goethe's criticism comparing him to an oak tree planted in a costly jar, the roots of which expand, and the jar is shattered, is perhaps the most comprehensive criticism that could be put into so small a compass. But even this, admirable as it is, does not meet the requirements of that wider and deeper criticism which seizes on the spirit of the artist beneath the character delineated. To those who have seen *Hamlet* adequately represented on the stage, it must be evident that it is, of all Shakespeare's creations, the most complex in structure, the most imaginative in quality, the most philosophical in its spirit, and the most profoundly reflective in its treatment of human life, with its anomalies, unrealities, hypocrisies, and its strange, enigmatical purposes. When *Hamlet* first stands before us his father has been two months dead; his mother has been for a month the wife of *Claudius*. He is solitary in the midst of the court. A mass of sorrow and of wounded feeling, of shame and of disgust, has been thrown back upon him; and this secretion of feeling which obtains to vent, is busy in producing a wide-spreading, morbid humor. He

appears before us as one whose whole nature is stirred to its very depths by the shock it has received in its contact with the corruption of the world. His ideal of womanly purity and devotion has received a rude shock through the conduct of his mother. She, who had been a blameless wife for nearly thirty years, had suddenly become a base and incestuous mother, "endowed with less discourse of reason than the beasts." The whole world seems changed; and the effect of the shock upon *Hamlet's* nature is far-reaching and important. Its convulsive consequences are present throughout the whole play. Nature even trembles and veils her face, shuddering as she thinks of the enormity of the awful crime:

"Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act."

Indeed, it is impossible to overestimate the effects of this shock upon *Hamlet's* character, and its influence on his whole nature, intellectual and emotional. It explains much which otherwise seems inconsistent and incomprehensible; and as we follow him through his alternations between introspection, penetration, meditation, and scathing denunciation, we seem to feel that he is always swayed by a dominating central idea which sweeps across a highly sensitive poetic nature, making of life a sad refrain of disappointment, dark anticipation, and gloomy philosophy. As we study carefully the character of *Hamlet*, there is very good reason for believing that in his earlier years he was guided by a high ideal of manhood and womanhood. He was not at that time a dreamer brooding over the evils of the world, and at heart a pessimist; but a healthy, active being, for whom the hopes, joys and aspirations of life were as the harmonious melodies of sweet bells not yet untuned and made discordant by wrong-doing. Up to the time that he discovered how completely his ideal conception of his mother's purity had been shattered, he did not live apart as a student or a dreamer, but in public as a prince—

"The observed of all observers;
He was of a free, open, unsuspicious temper."

The materials out of which the *Hamlet* that we know is to be developed exist, of course, potentially; but they are subordinate to the characteristics which belong more naturally to a prince in *Hamlet's* position. He has lost his

father, but his mother remains to him; and to a man of *Hamlet's* temperament the pathos of her grief must have intensified his love and given to his filial devotion something of a sacred character.

And here we come upon the mighty sweep of that emotional current which hereafter carries *Hamlet* forward, souring his views of life, and disqualifying him for action by excess of the reflective faculty. It is perfectly reasonable to suppose that before he discovered his mother's unworthiness he looked upon the world as being full of life, hope and beauty; whereas, after the knowledge of his mother's guilt and the destruction of his ideal which such a discovery necessitated, he moves about like one living on dejection, distrust and pessimistic speculation. Instead of its being the nursery of the domestic virtues, and the home of the nobler traits of manhood and the purer qualities of womanhood, the world had become "an unweeded garden." In place of the sacredness of life, the beauty of womanly devotion, and the holy quality of love, murder, incest and lustful appetites reigned supreme. The whole fabric of the universe seems shaken to its very centre, as far as *Hamlet* is concerned; and as he dwells upon the rottenness, the debasement, and the intrigue by which he is surrounded, a feeling of life-weariness takes possession of him. Thus he exclaims:

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!"

As has been said, "the Queen had drawn the whole world in her train. Nobles and people, councilors and courtiers, the honored statesman, the artless maiden, all had joined her, had connived, were her accomplices. They had parted among them all the vices appropriate to her court, her people. The world was betrayed to *Hamlet* in all its meanness and littleness, and he looked at it to see if he could discover the secret of his mother's treason, as *Lear* would anatomize the heart of *Regan* to account for her ingratitude." In his attacks upon the court, he is attacking his mother's guilt, as this it is which to his mind is the foul nest breeding the depravity by which he is surrounded. The smaller vices are but hers at a certain stage of incubation, and the whole court then becomes one vast confederacy of evil.

On this point *Hamlet's* mind exhibits a steadfastness and consistency which are very significant in their bearing on a proper estimate of his character. Here are no superfluous activities, no desultory conversations or irresolute purposes. But steadily and surely he keeps before his mind the one ruling idea of his mother's unworthiness. His ideal world has been ruthlessly invaded, and as he sees the sanctuary profaned by unclean hands, and the

the result would have been very different. Or, indeed, had there been any one near enough to him to have filled the place in his affections once occupied by his mother, the chances are that the whole course of his nature would have been changed. But to *Hamlet* this could not be. In his attachment to his father's memory, and in his devotion to his mother, *Hamlet* was very far from the bloodless transcendentalist which he is sometimes represented to be. In-



King: How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Hamlet: Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

—ACT I. SCENE 2.

holy passion of love reduced to a debasing sensuality, he does what was perfectly natural to a young man of his fine sensibility and rich poetic temperament. He withdraws to the wilderness of thought, and in the solitude of his deep meditative nature endeavors to bring the contradictions and discouragements of life under the searching process of philosophical analysis. Had he been differently constituted,

stead of this, his affection is real, enthusiastic and intense; and in view of this fact the merely ordinary channels of sympathy were of no use to him in his hour of trial. That the death of his father was a great blow to him we have every reason for believing, and therefore it is not to be wondered at that he should have concentrated his affections on his mother to an extent which rendered it per-

fectly natural that he should be completely demoralized on finding that she was unworthy of his love and respect. She was, as he gathered from her silence, absorbed in a grief similar to his own, and he firmly believed, until the shock came upon him, that she was, like himself, constant and true to the memory of his father. On his first awakening to this unwelcome and to him awful reality, what wonder is it, then, that he should, with deep and touching pathos exclaim:

"O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't: oh, fie: 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely!"

And then a little later on, in the same touching soliloquy he continues:

"Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is woman!"

In the affecting scene with his mother, in the third act, he also holds up, in the same spirit, the mirror to her guilty soul, while he dwells with burning eloquence upon the contrast between his god-like father and his bestial uncle. It is a scene without an equal in the whole range of dramatic literature, and as we follow the surging, heart-breaking agony of the affectionate son merged into the indignant horror of an outraged and disappointed manhood, we can well realize how much agony of spirit is contained in the few expressive words:

"O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!"

It is tolerably certain that the words, "Oh! most pernicious woman!" were inserted by Shakespeare after the play was originally written, as they do not appear in the quarto of 1603; and they are therefore of great importance in enabling us to understand the controlling forces of *Hamlet's* character. Simple as the addition appears to one who is unfamiliar with the deep psychological qualities of the play, it is nevertheless very important as an aid to the proper interpretation of *Hamlet's* character, at the same time that it shows the consummate skill of the master-hand that made the addition. And now we pass from the scene with the Queen to the scene with *Ophelia*, in which we find the same evidence of shattered faith, ruined hopes, and deeply seated distrust, all undoubtedly produced by the discovery of his mother's frailty and inconstancy,

Like a vision of loveliness *Ophelia* appears

before *Hamlet*, and as a natural consequence she makes an impression on his susceptible nature—a nature which, it must be remembered, never lost its genuine poetic feeling, notwithstanding its rude shocks and deadening experiences. As Mrs. Jameson has beautifully said of this most exquisitely beautiful of Shakespeare's creations: "*Ophelia*—poor *Ophelia*! Oh! far too soft, too good, too fair, to be cast among the briers of this working-day world, and fall and bleed upon the thorns of life! What shall be said of her? For eloquence is mute before her! Like a strain of sad, sweet music, which comes floating by us on the wings of night and silence, and which we rather feel than hear—like the exhalation of the violet, dying ever upon the sense it charms—like the snow-flake dissolved in air before it has caught a stain of earth—like the light surf severed from the billow, which a breath disperses; such is the character of *Ophelia*; so exquisitely delicate, it seems as if a touch would profane it; so sanctified in our thoughts by the last and worst of human woes, that we scarcely dare to consider it too deeply." And yet, in spite of her exquisite beauty, and the delicious fragrance of her sweet innocence, *Hamlet* seems, even in her presence, never to wholly rid himself of the predominant idea which his mother's conduct had set in motion. He recognizes the fine spiritual quality of *Ophelia's* character, but even in her presence he cannot escape from the corruption of the world and the frailty of woman. "Go to, I'll no more of it; it hath made me mad; I say, we will have no more marriages."

The delicate charm of *Ophelia's* character captivated him, but it did not cure his malady. He undoubtedly knew the value of the winning gentleness, the sensitive quality, the fine feeling, and the sweet purity of her nature. But to his mind, the world was so polluted, so full of intrigue and deceit, that even *Ophelia*, in all the sweet innocence of her nature, was not exempt from the contaminating influences of the conditions by which she was surrounded. On the dark background of *Hamlet's* life, *Ophelia's* beauty shone steadily and purely. It was as if the clouds had for the moment parted, and amid the surrounding gloom, this beautiful creature came forth as a ministering angel to cheer and illumine *Hamlet's* weary life. We all know from experience how great and priceless a boon is the pure, unsullied love of a virtuous woman;

and we can well conjecture how great the advantage would have been to *Hamlet* had he been able to reciprocate properly *Ophelia's* love. But as Shakspeare—evidently for the purpose of intensifying the poetic quality of the play—determined that this should not be, the result of the relations between *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* is very different. From the moment of *Ophelia's* first appearance on the stage, we are conscious that Shakspeare intends that her fate shall be a tragic one. She is in the world, and yet not of the world; and in her connection with *Hamlet's* strange destiny, it seems inevitable that she is soon to be overshadowed by darkness and sorrow. Hardly aware of the full depth and intensity of her own feelings, she comes before us almost like a spiritualized dream, in which the growing sensibilities of the woman gradually open into consciousness under the influences of the divine passion. In her character there is no profuse demonstration of love, nor is there the glowing eloquence of Juliet. But in the sweet simplicity and the serene purity of her nature, as well as in what little she does say, we easily recognize what a dream-like spirituality surrounds her whole being, thus rendering her the perfect embodiment of the beautiful poetic idea which Shakspeare sought to express. The world in which she lives is not worthy of her, and as she recedes from our view, we somehow feel that it is better for her to have passed away like a beautiful though pathetic dream, rather than to have been present at the tempestuous agitation of the final catastrophe. To *Hamlet* she was undoubtedly attractive and worthy of affection. And yet to his mind her beauty and attractiveness were more transient than real. At one moment he looks appreciably at her; at another, in a spirit of weariness and dejection, he warns her to avoid the corruption of the world. Apparently his thoughts and expressions are but the outcome of a diseased mind. But really it is *Hamlet* simulating insanity, in order that he may say, as an irrational and irresponsible being, what he would not be allowed to say as a rational and responsible being. Ever since the marriage of his mother, and the succession of *Claudius* to the throne he had been under an enforced silence, as he tells us most distinctly in his first soliloquy, before he has heard from *Horatio* of the ghost's appearance.

"But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!"

Under the circumstances, the simulation of insanity was the most natural thing in the world; it enabled him to accomplish his purpose, the success of which depended principally on the concealment of his method. At times he seems to approach the impassioned misanthropy of *Timon of Athens*. But taking the character in its entirety, he does not hurl at random his denunciations against the general corruption of his surroundings, or rave like one whose lunacy is genuine. Instead of this, his is a soul bursting with agony, and in a vein of sadness, tinged with misanthropic irony, giving utterance to thoughts which show by their incisive and searching qualities, as well as by their philosophical subtlety and analysis, that they are the product of a well defined and skillfully devised stratagem. *Hamlet's* simulation of insanity is carried forward with such consummate skill that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between the seeming and the real. But independently of this, the underlying motive is so real and so transparent, that it is a comparatively easy matter to see through it into the inner workings of his mind, as he writhes under the sting of disappointment, and staggers under the burden of his sorrow, intensified by a strange and startling revelation from the unseen world. As a further evidence of the difference between the seeming and the real, and the deliberate purpose of his feigned lunacy, observe how he reveals his true character in the touching interview with his mother, when he implores her to throw away the baser part of her nature, at the same time that he repudiates the idea of his own insanity:

"It is not madness

That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost o'er the weeds,
To make them ranker."

As Shakspeare drew *Hamlet* he is not merely a man of inaction and morbid misanthropic feeling, but a noble-spirited, generous nature, warped by circumstances, and thrown back on his own deeper consciousness for support in the hour of trial.

His whole nature has received a shock which

has shaken it to its very depths; and as he broods over his sorrow, it is not to be wondered at that the tumult of passion is hushed, and his thoughts turned dreamily away from his immediate surroundings toward those complex problems of being which haunt him with their mysterious power and fascination.

Hamlet has the thought and sympathy and will to be a broad benefactor to his kind, but

which, at this age, exercise such a powerful influence on the future character of the man. He is just at that time of life when the freshness and gaiety of what we may call his boy-world are being exchanged for the approaching responsibilities of manhood, and, as a consequence, his sensitive soul is easily shocked and disarranged by the corruption of his time. When he says:



Hamlet: I heard thee speak me a speech once.—ACT II. SCENE 2.

the unexpected glare of most damnable guilt daunts him. It is not that he is too weak for the occasion; he is too high to reach down to it. In some respects he is a man of inaction, and inclined to be a misanthrope. But, above all things, he is a disappointed and dejected man, looking at the dark side of life because his ideal of purity and goodness has been destroyed. For it must be remembered that at this particular crisis *Hamlet* is still a young man, almost certainly under twenty-one, and, therefore, peculiarly liable to those impressions

"Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly."

we seem to catch the key-note to that perpetual melancholy which is hereafter to become the controlling force in *Hamlet's* character. Even at this rudimentary stage we discover his habit of brooding over the world within him, coupled

with an aversion to external circumstances and their hollowness and unreality. He has not yet become the deep thinker and the lofty idealist which he is to be in after years, but as he stands at the threshold of his manhood we can easily see the growing power of those influences which culminate in him as the chosen instrument of a mighty design.

The appearance of the *Ghost*, and its startling revelations, had, of course, a very great effect upon *Hamlet*, and were evidently intended by Shakspeare to be in some respects the most important features in the development of the plot and the unfolding of *Hamlet's* character. Without these accessories, *Hamlet* would almost certainly never have risen above the refined sorrow and passive resignation displayed by him in the earlier portion of the play. But for the appearance of the *Ghost* we should in all probability have had to follow him back to Wittenberg, and thus have lost the *Hamlet* which we now possess. There can be no doubt but that the appearance of the *Ghost* is the *sine qua non* of much of the grandeur and sublime beauty of *Hamlet*. It seems to have been the especial delight of Shakspeare to introduce the supernatural element into his plays whenever the opportunity presents itself; but in no instance is the effect more startling, and the connection with the development of the principal character closer or more important than in the case of *Hamlet*. Indeed, as his thoughts sweep beyond the confines of the visible world to hold converse with the invisible potencies, he seems to take great pleasure in throwing the rainbow of his glorious imagination across the background of that silent world where all is hushed in the sleep of death.

Of course, Shakspeare, in introducing these supernatural beings, did not aim at proving the immortality of the soul; nor does he introduce them except in those instances in which their appearance very much increases the dramatic effect. But while it is without doubt true that the introduction of these mysterious phenomena is primarily due to the dramatic necessities of the plays in which they appear, it is not unreasonable to suppose that Shakspeare had in view that universal longing of the soul which has in all ages prayed for a responsive utterance from the other world. Without in the least disparaging their dramatic value, these strange visitants are related to a realm of emo-

tion which is beyond the possibilities of the stage. They startle and surprise us by their sudden appearance and disappearance; they give weirdness and strangeness to the scenes in which they appear; but they also recall that sacredness of feeling and pang of despair which we have all at some time felt.

"With broken hearts we laid them down;
We followed them with prayers;
And warm and true for aye we keep
Our love and trust with theirs;
But silence shrouds them evermore;
Nor sun, nor star, nor sea, nor shore,
A pitying message bears."

Apart from its intimate connection with the plot and its dramatic value, the introduction of the *Ghost* is, therefore, a poetic gem of great beauty, the proper appreciation of which depends largely on an ideal interpretation, which is independent of the stage. It gives to the play a strangely fascinating and supernatural charm which could not have been produced in any other way, and to which we owe much of that deep, powerful feeling which enters so largely into the character of *Hamlet*. But it does more than this; it also suggests its own spiritual accompaniment as it appeals to our imagination through a mist of tears and an oppressive sorrow. And yet the importance of these supernatural agencies does not in any way prevent us from perceiving that when we have once realized the intimate connection between the revulsion of feeling consequent on the conduct of *Hamlet's* mother and the subsequent development of his character, we are in a position to discover that much which is otherwise inconsistent and inexplicable, is in this way rendered consistent and easy of apprehension.

In this way the character of *Hamlet* loses none of its essential quality, neither is its sad, meditative beauty in any way diminished.

But, on the contrary, we are thus enabled to appreciate more fully the deep poetic meaning of the character, and are also able to enter more clearly into the strange distracting force of that rapid current of feeling which sweeps across *Hamlet's* nature, causing him at times to bend before the storm. Looked at in this way, *Hamlet* ceases to be an abnormal and vacillating sentimentalist, the purpose of whose life it is difficult to understand, and whose usefulness is destroyed by his dreamy inactivity. A dreamer, in one sense, he still indeed re-

mains. But instead of the dream being unreal and useless, it is the sad experience of a man to whom life is a snare and a delusion, and whose pessimism is quite as much the effect of a sudden emotional shock, as it is the result of any intellectual process or mental predisposition. It is, of course, to be admitted that *Hamlet* brought with him from Wittenberg a philosophy half stoical and half transcendental, with whose eccentricities he would torment the wisdom of the court. But while *Hamlet* would never have been what Shakspeare represents him to be without this intellectual tendency, acquired at Wittenberg, it is quite clear that, as he stands before us, he is moved by forces which lie deeper than those of a purely intellectual quality. To a man of *Hamlet's* temperament, it needed but the occasion to reveal to him the comparative worthlessness and the insufficiency of life. And the occasion having presented itself, the effect upon him is visible at once. His rich, sensitive, emotional nature has been rudely and severely shocked, and as his intellectual nature takes up the refrain of dejection and disappointment, the whole character stands before us as the very embodiment of a sorrow intensified and beautified by poetry and philosophy alike, and lifted by Shakspeare's genius into an exalted atmosphere of thought and feeling. Owing to the depth and intensity of his nature, as well as to the rapid movement of his ideas, *Hamlet's* grief was not that of an ordinary man, who merely bows his head in silent resignation as the storm passes over him. There are some persons in this world who are so constituted that they accept with lamb-like simplicity and unquestioning submission whatever happens to them. But it was not so with *Hamlet*. In his view of the world, the tame submissiveness of an easy-going optimism could find no place. But following the natural bent of his philosophical mind, he seems to have thrown his whole nature into the complex problem of life and its surroundings. He did not, like some of the more extreme pessimists of the present day, look on this world as the arena of tormented and agonized beings who subsist only by devouring each other, and where every wild beast is the living grave of a thousand others, and its self-preservation a series of deaths by torture. He was not in this sense a gloomy spirit, brooding morbidly over the evils of life and the predominance of suf-

fering and sorrow. He was not blind to the beautiful in nature, neither was he oblivious to the evidences of harmony and design in the world. But he was profoundly conscious of a dark shadow which had very materially changed his views of life, causing him to reflect deeply upon the strange and startling problem of human destiny. As he himself expresses it, in his interview with *Rosencrantz* and *Guiltenstern*: "I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave, o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof, fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so." In this noble passage, which for luxuriance of thought and clearness of purpose is equal to anything he ever wrote, Shakspeare, for the moment, lifts the veil and shows us the real mind of *Hamlet* as he formulates his creed on man and nature. In many other instances he has given us glimpses into the infinite depths of human life, which are marvels of beauty and power. But in the passage above quoted we seem to come nearer than usual to the mind and heart of the great poet. Using the perturbed spirit of *Hamlet* as an appropriate instrument through which to pour forth the deep, soul-stirring music of his richly-endowed nature, he concentrates, as it were, his whole philosophy into a single passage. A tremendous pressure of adverse circumstances has caused *Hamlet* to fall back into a deep poetic mood, through which thought is expressed and thrown off in the language of representative circumstance. He feels himself oppressed and agitated by feelings and longings, now of one kind, now of another; and in seeking relief he rises on the wings of imagination to those heights where the deepest and noblest philosophy is permeated by a spirit of

weariness and sadness. For it must be remembered that *Hamlet*, like Shakspeare, is a richly endowed idealist, and thus in a measure becomes

feeling, and in grasping man's exalted position and the grandeur and the glory of the universe, he seems staggered at the contrast between what man is and what he might be.



Hamlet: You should not have believed me.

Ophelia: I was the more deceived.

—ACT III. SCENE I.

"A nerve o'er which might creep
The else unfelt oppressions of this earth."

In the wide sweep of his imagination he
passes over mountains and abysses of human

The melancholy of *Hamlet*—or indeed of any
man who attains to this exaltation of thought
—is not of a narrow or unhealthy character.
It is not a morbid or sickly sentimentalism, but

the outburst of a large and noble nature, as it contemplates man's glorious possibilities, and then turns to the littleness of his attainments. To men of such temperament there comes an unavoidable time in their history when they fall back within themselves, weary, heart-sick and discouraged. In the throbbing of their inner lives, in the generous impulses of their natures, in the finer harmonies of their sensitive and well attuned souls, as well as in the glory and beauty of the external world, all things seem adjusted to a sweet, delicious harmony of movement. And yet, the world is reeking with corruption, and man, instead of being "in action like an angel," is base, mean-spirited and unworthy. What wonder, then, that *Hamlet*, as he contemplates man and wraps himself within his mantle of solitary meditation,

"Doth take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness."

In venturing these remarks, I am, of course, aware that Shakspeare did not write dramas for the purpose of inculcating moral lessons. But in every great drama the moral lesson is so intimately connected with the subject that it is impossible to study the one without seeing the relation which it bears to the other. When the human mind begins to reflect upon the terrors and perplexities of its destiny, it is but natural that it should endeavor to discover some evidences of a moral government as manifested in the course of human life and the conscience of the individual man. And this is precisely why *Hamlet's* philosophy fits so easily and naturally into the strange experiences of his life. Right and wrong, sin committed and guilt unpunished, form so large a part of the subject matter with which *Hamlet* deals, that it is utterly impossible to separate him from the moral quality of his surroundings. In all respects he is a man primarily concerned with the deeper questionings and more perplexing problems of life; and as he lives at one time under a state of submissive and refined sorrow, and at another time seems on fire with ominous expectation, we still see in him the moral and philosophical qualities inseparably blended. It has always been the aim of all great poets, as well as of great philosophers, to show that the operation of the moral law is as real as the law of gravitation. "The one is the controlling principle of the outward and visible world; the other is the dominant principle of that inward and invisible

world in which our thoughts and deeds revolve, like the planets around a central luminary. And in this respect *Hamlet's* character, as drawn by Shakspeare, is only another attempt to lift the nobler forms of art to a level with the higher aims of a distinctly moral purpose.

Did this fact appear upon the surface, Shakspeare would cease to be the consummate artist that he is. But because it is not perfectly transparent is no evidence that it does not exist. Instead of inculcating directly any moral or religious doctrine, the true poet causes his principal character to move among certain ethical laws and qualities which they embody and represent, and according to which their influence is communicated to the reader or spectator of his work. Nor is this fact among the least of the reasons why the character of *Hamlet* has always been such an attractive study, and such an inexhaustible source of pleasure to reflective minds. As Coleridge has well expressed it: "I believe the character of *Hamlet* may be traced to Shakspeare's deep and accurate science in mental philosophy. Indeed, that his character must have some connection with the common, fundamental laws of our nature may be assumed from the fact that *Hamlet* has been the darling of every country in which the literature of England has been fostered. In order to understand him, it is essential that we should reflect on the constitution of our own minds." Or, as Schlegel expresses the same idea in another form: "*Hamlet*" is singular in its kind: a tragedy of thought inspired by continual and never satisfied meditation on human destiny and the dark perplexity of the events of this world, and calculated to call forth the very same meditations in the minds of the spectators. This enigmatical work resembles those irrational equations in which a fraction of unknown magnitude always remains, that will in no way admit of solution. Much has been said, much written on this piece, and yet no thinking man who anew expresses himself on it, will (in his view of the connection and significance of all the parts) entirely agree with his predecessors." In other words, *Hamlet* is a man, moved indeed by passions like other men, but at the same time an ideal being, representing in an especial sense the mind of his great author, as he broods dreamily over the fundamental drama of the soul and the world; and, like

one walking in a trance, stretching out his arms toward the infinite and incomprehensible. He does not, like *Lear*, stand out in Promethean grandeur amid the howling of the external storm and the fury of the greater storm raging within his own breast. In some respects *Lear* is more sublime, more massive, and more imposing in effect. But of the two *Hamlet* is the more wonderful creation, all things considered. While *Lear* carries us forward like a hurricane increasing in velocity as it advances, *Hamlet* is slower in movement, more deliberate in action, but larger in scope and purpose.

A momentary gleam of happiness it appears to be; but oh! what a hollow cry of despair it really is, and how quickly we overflow with emotion as we follow the broken-hearted old man and his dutiful child to their undeserved imprisonment. Indeed, there appears to be constantly present throughout this sublime tragedy an overshadowing fate which dwarfs all other considerations for the purpose of depicting in strong colors *Lear's* suffering, made all the more intense by his madness and the pathos of his situation. In "*Hamlet*," on the contrary, there is not an utter absence of sun-



Hamlet: Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying.—ACT III. SCENE 3.

In studying the character of *Lear* we seem to be carried back to that noble drama in which *Prometheus* utters his last cry of indignant defiance amid the tempest and the fire.

"Lo, in deed, no more in word, the earthquake!
Hark, the thunder: lo, the lightnings leap!
Dark with dust and torn with warring whirlwinds,
Crash the skies, confounded with the deep.
Zeus himself, amid the awful onset,
Hurls one hellward to Tartarean gloom:
Earth, my mother! Heaven, thou light of all things!
Hear ye, see ye, my unrighteous doom?"

Throughout the entire play *Lear* utters but one cry of joy, and that is when he is entering a prison with *Cordelia*:

"Come, let's away to prison!
We two will sing like birds in a cage."

shine and color, although the principal character lives, moves and has his being in a shadowy realm in which the mind is constantly occupied with the world within, and abstracted from the world without—giving substance to shadows, and throwing a mist over all commonplace actualities.

In "*Hamlet*" there are no cries of agony and despair coming from the depths of a broken heart as it succumbs beneath the pressure of base ingratitude and a cruel and relentless destiny. But deeper and more touching in pathos is the dreamy quality of *Hamlet's* sorrow as he soars into the purest and serenest regions of human thought, in order to attain

to that comprehensive view of life which enables us to discover that suffering is a necessary and important part of the divine economy. Where *Lear's* noble heart breaks with a tremendous and convulsive crash, *Hamlet* exhibits the sad endowment of a contemplative nature baffled by its surroundings and perplexed by the strange enigma of its own being. Life to him was not merely a pageant and a show, but a stern reality moving along in obedience to certain mysterious laws, which, by the permission of evil and the strange commingling of light and shadow, render the problem hopelessly inscrutable. The blighting effect of an early disappointment, the melancholy brooding over a deeply-seated sorrow the strange and startling revelations of the *Ghost*, were all so many factors leading in the same direction. He lived and moved in a world as real as that which surrounds any and every carnal-minded man; but in obedience to the mighty sweep of his intellectual power and his vivid imagination, he seems to have risen, as Shakspeare himself must at times have risen, above the petty things of life into an atmosphere of pure emotion, serene philosophy and heroic resignation. In the highest and best sense he expresses the mind of his great author as he ponders the deeper questions of life, and endeavors to find in its conflicting discords some key-note by which the whole may be adjusted to a harmonious and rhythmical movement.

The cry of the human spirit as it comes from the depths of its deeper consciousness is always one of sadness, if not of despair. And in *Hamlet* Shakspeare makes no exception to this general rule. But, on the contrary, rather confirms the fact that he who probes most deeply into the mystery of life and its surroundings is most likely to be depressed by the vastness and complexity of the problem.

The *de profundis* of life is so profound, the contrast between the ideal and the actual of humanity is so great, the distorting and sorrowful facts that surround our daily life are so real and intense, the countless evils of society appear so irremediable, the persistency of vice is so bewildering, the march of progress is so slow and so Sisyphean in character, that even the strongest mind is at times compelled to fall back into a sense of helplessness and

hopelessness which is most touching in its appeal to the imagination.

In fact, there is a sense in which we realize that after all there is a resemblance as well as a difference between the little child kneeling in its simplicity to say its evening prayer and the profound thinker grappling with the problem of life and destiny, and seeking in vain for a solution in the darkness by which he is surrounded.

In the one instance we have the

"Golden head so lowly bending,
Little feet so white and pure,
Dewy eyes half shut, half opened,
Lisping out her evening prayer."

In the other instance, we have the thoughtful man striving to catch the secret of that

"Sad, mysterious music,
Wailing through the woods and on the shore,
Burdened with a grand, majestic secret,
That keeps sweeping from us evermore."

Unlike as they are in some respects, these two pictures nevertheless resemble each other. They represent two extremes of the same subject, but, like other extremes, there is a common ground on which they can meet. In the case of the child, its opening sensibilities turn heavenward like the flowers seeking the sunshine and the dew. Its law of receptivity is its law of growth, and in its simple faith it gains through its spontaneous responsiveness what the reflective man seeks to attain through the colder method of an intellectual process.

The one, in a beautiful simplicity, accepts the existence of an all-wise Power as naturally as it inhales the atmosphere which it breathes. The other pauses, reflects, reasons, discriminates, and, in its insatiable hunger, plunges deeper and deeper

"Into the maddening riddle of the Root,
Shell within shell, dream folded over dream."

Apparently *Hamlet* was "mad in spots and at times." But, in reality, his whole nature is the expression of one continual undertone of sadness, in which we easily mistake for the evidences of insanity what were really

"Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized."

Nor must it be forgotten that in the scene with the players, and in the scene with the grave-diggers, *Hamlet* proves beyond all reasonable doubt that he is not insane. In the scene with the players especially he evinces a subtlety of purpose and an insight into char-

acter which plainly indicate that he perfectly understood how to conduct his plans in a shrewd and effective manner.

He skillfully names the play the "Mouse-Trap," and in his instructions to the players shows clearly a most perfect appreciation of the conditions on which the success of his scheme depends.

In fact, the belief of *Hamlet* in the ability of the players to "catch the conscience of the

was correct in his opinion. It was a well-devised scheme skillfully executed, and one to which a really insane mind could not possibly have resorted.

In the scene with the grave-diggers we also discover ample evidence as to the clearness of *Hamlet's* intellect, accompanied by that tendency toward philosophical generalization which is so essentially a sane quality. Upon the accidental discovery of Yorick's skull he



Queen: Whereon do you look?

Hamlet: 'On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!

—ACT III. SCENE 4.

King," through the recital of the murder of *Gonzago*, proves most conclusively his penetrative power and his knowledge of human nature. He felt sure that if the King was guilty he would give some evidence of it on seeing the murder of *Gonzago* represented by the players; and the result showed that he

says comparatively little. But in what he does say we easily discover the presence of the profoundly reflective spirit which runs through the whole play. From the skull of Yorick his mind sweeps backward to the dust of Alexander and Caesar, and as he dwells upon the processes of change involved in the

decomposition of death, he characteristically exclaims :

"To what base uses we may return, Horatio?
Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of
Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?"

And again :

"Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away ;
Oh ! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw."

Properly understood, this scene contains none of those coarse qualities which are sometimes attributed to it. But it is, instead, a perfectly natural expression of *Hamlet's* character as he comes in contact with the repulsiveness and merciless destructiveness of death. By a process of natural law, the bodies of Alexander, Cæsar, and Yorick have been reduced to dust ; and as *Hamlet* dwells upon the subject, he very naturally relapses into one of his characteristic moods, in which the reflective faculties predominate. In other instances we have seen *Hamlet* dwelling in speculative wonder on the mysterious relations between death and immortality. In this instance we find him dwelling dejectedly upon the repulsive relations between death and mortality. Where we have before seen him soaring like an eagle into the higher realms of transcendentalism, we now see him digging into the abode of worms, and following, in imagination, the sickening spectacle of the human body passing through the processes of decomposition and absorption into its constituent elements.

The effect of this scene is also very much increased by the fact that this decomposition and decay over which *Hamlet* was then brooding were soon to be applied to the body of the beautiful *Ophelia*.

From the cold, calm, indifferent reasoning about Alexander, Cæsar and Yorick, *Hamlet* passes to the warm, vivid current of emotion when he learns that the tenant of the newly-made grave is to be none other than "the fair *Ophelia*."

In the impetuous rush of his feelings, he even plunges into the grave and challenges *Laertes* to equal him in the depth and intensity of his grief.

"I loved *Ophelia* ; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum."

And here we discover the great poetic value

of *Ophelia's* burial at this particular time. In his transition of thought, *Hamlet* has ceased to be the indifferent spectator philosophizing on the dust of Alexander, Cæsar, and Yorick ; and in the revival of his affection for *Ophelia* he even forgets the decorum proper to the solemnity of the occasion. He is swept along by a torrent of feeling similar to that which rendered it possible for his mother's conduct to have affected him as it did. It is as if Shakspeare meant to remind us in this scene that the extraordinary character which has grown so familiar to us as "a bloodless hero of reflection," is not a being altogether removed from the feelings common to humanity.

The general method of *Hamlet's* reasoning is the same as it has been under different conditions. But in this scene the play of the emotions is so vivid, and the earthy element so very strong, that we almost forget for the moment the higher and more elusive qualities of *Hamlet's* character. The introduction of this scene is indeed a striking piece of realism designedly arranged so as to intensify the general idealistic quality of the play. In some respects, it is supreme among Shakspeare's gems of appositeness, although the introduction of the flute in Act III. is very nearly its equal. The scene with the flute does not, however, impress itself so forcibly on our memory, nor does it appeal in quite the same direct manner to our appreciation of the fitness of things.

To understand "Hamlet" properly, however, we must not allow ourselves to be detained by any one scene in this marvelous tragedy.

Like Shakspeare, *Hamlet* becomes, in the process of his growth, universal in quality, and therefore needs to be lifted from the narrow intensity of individuality into the broad, clear atmosphere of philosophical thought and universal comprehension. And this brings us to the important question as to *Hamlet's* religious views. It has been said, and said truly, that "the religion of *Hamlet* is that faith in God which survives after the extinction of the faith in man." Losing the light of human worth and dignity through which alone the soul can reach to the idea of what is truly divine, and with it the link between earth and heaven, *Hamlet's* religion is reduced to its elements again—to the vague and fragmentary hints of nature and instincts of the spirit ;

to intimations of limitless power, of mysterious destiny, of a "something after death," of "a divinity that shapes our ends;" and with these, gleams of a transcendent religion of humanity, for devotion to which he was suffering.

But however obscure and indefinite the religion of *Hamlet* may be, and partly because it is so—and hence of universal experience—it adds reach and depth to his struggle with the world.

In point of fact, *Hamlet* thinks aloud; and as we follow his soul rising defiantly beyond the limitations of time and space, we willingly

to his surroundings. And yet, notwithstanding all the discordant conditions by which he is surrounded, there are times when, behind the lurid clouds of a mysterious destiny, and above the mountainous waves of conflicting impulses and emotions, the star of *Hamlet's* soul seems never quenched, nor does it deny to those who contemplate it steadily the pure and grave serenity of its light. A pensive air of sadness sits upon his brow, but there is no appearance of fixed or sullen gloom. He is full of weakness and melancholy, but there is no harshness in his nature; while from the fine quality of his meditative



Rosencrantz: What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Hamlet: Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

—ACT IV. SCENE 2.

give ourselves up to the dreamily fascinating spell which he has exercised over the most eminent minds of all civilized nations. Moving before us like a perplexed spirit walking in a dream, he focalizes all the thoughts and speculations that have floated about for ages unexpressed. In his sorrow, in his moments of despondency, and in the conflict of his feelings, we seem to feel a responsiveness to all those ever-varying moods and experiences which sweep mysteriously across our own natures. In some respects, *Hamlet* almost seems like a wandering spirit who had accidentally fallen to earth from a higher sphere, and who is unable to adjust himself

temperament a strain of sweet, sad music steals over the consciousness of the world, and brings us into intimate sympathy with this mysterious being, in whom there is a concentration of all the interests that belong to humanity.

In "*Hamlet*," as in "*Faust*," there is a boldness of thought and an attempt to scale the celestial heights, which induced an eminent German critic to remark that "*Faust* and *Hamlet* are modern Titans, who, at war with the Christian heaven, pile up each his colossus of thought, and at last perish on the ruins of these presumptuous structures." But in addition to this, *Hamlet* represents so thoroughly



Ophelia: I would give you some violets; but they withered all when my father died.—ACT IV. SCENE 5.

some of the deeper and more perplexing problems of life and destiny, that the study of him can never become uninteresting or unproductive. As an idealist, he was predestined to failure in this positive world; and in the study of his failure he furnishes the great poem upon the opposition and reconciliation of necessity and human freedom. But he is not, for this reason, likely to diminish in importance as the culture of the age increases, and the deeper problems of life and mind become more and more leading objects of thought and education. Indeed, it is perhaps because *Hamlet* represents the dreamy rather than the real side of life, that he has always exercised such a potent influence over all students of Shakspeare. His is, indeed, a strange individuality, strangely developed through a startling arrangement of circumstances in which accident plays a very important part. At one time we find him relying absolutely on his intelligence and his skill. At another time we find him ascribing his actions to instinct and necessity, as when he says.

"Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do fail; and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

He has traversed, in the wide range of his imaginative powers, and the depth of his philosophical insight, the whole realm of speculation and reasoning; and yet as the evolution of his character approaches its close, we find him recognizing the existence of a mysterious force in the world, which by its power sweeps away the best laid plans and the most carefully arranged preparations. Apparently he becomes a convert from Intelligence to Fate, and in the lesson of his life we seem to learn that circumstances are sometimes stronger than men, and the sure, though silent, step of destiny, the strongest power in the world. Whether Shakspeare meant to inculcate the supremacy of Fate as the underlying lesson of *Hamlet's* character, must, of course, always remain an unsettled question. But one thing is certain, and that is that this wonderful tragedy does very decidedly teach that however much a man may be objectively valid in the world, he is surrounded by forces which are more powerful than he is, and upon which his success or

failure is largely dependent. As Shakspeare has drawn this wonderful character, he retains just enough to render him consistent with the rude age in which he lived. But he also represents him as the efflorescence of a peculiarly constituted mind blossoming prematurely in a shadowy world, and seeking in vain for the refreshing influences of the sunlight to aid it in its unequal contest against fate and adverse circumstances. Out of the rude *Hamlet* of the legend Shakspeare has created a character which represents the incarnation of idealism, and in this sense he will always be profoundly interesting and instructive to cultivated minds. Perhaps we shall never fully understand the character, and perhaps the vast quantity of *Hamlet* literature already existing ought to be a warning against any further attempt to interpret correctly this mysterious being. But, be this as it may, there seems ample room in so vast a subject for new thought to employ itself profitably in attempting to offer an interpretation which seems reasonable and consistent. That I have succeeded fully in my object I cannot venture to hope. But even if I have not, it is a positive gain to the world to have the productions of its greatest minds brought frequently under review and analysis, even though the reviewer and the analyst fail in what they seek to accomplish. And this being true in a general sense, it is especially true of *Hamlet*. Of all literary creations, his character is the one which has always made the most profound impression upon the minds of students and thinkers. And so it will be to the end of time. In the study of him we do not meet with "that rich, prodigal, luxurious and quintessential attar which flows from the realm of the rising sun;" neither do we meet with

"A melody born of melody,
Which melts the world into a sea."

But we do better than this; we come in contact with a strange being whose shadowy nature responds mysteriously to the deeper feelings of our own souls, and the strange enigmas of our own life and destiny. In the study of some of Shakspeare's other characters we find more sunlight and beauty; but in the nervous, spiritual, sublimated *Hamlet* soul, with all its dream-like attributes and philosophical tendencies, we have a poetic jewel, the value of which

will increase as the world grows older in wisdom and riper in culture. It leaves the conflict between good and evil unsettled, while it paints

and the insoluble mystery of man's life and destiny. The mystery is perhaps no nearer solution for *Hamlet* having been created by



1st Clown : This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Hamlet : This ?

1st Clown : E'en that.

Hamlet : Alas, poor Yorick !—I knew him, Horatio.

—ACT V. SCENE I.

the dark mysterious side of man's being in gloomy colors. But it is, nevertheless, the great poem of the greatest poet addressed to Fate,

Shakspeare, and the dark shadow of Fate is perhaps as much of an unexplained phenomenon as it was before *Hamlet* came into exist-

ence. It may even be that as we remember how futile have been all attempts to solve the strange mystery of man's being, we feel inclined to compare *Hamlet's* qualities of mind to the resurrected thoughts of buried ages;

"Notes that are
The ghostly language of the ancient earth."

But however this may be, it still remains true that *Hamlet* is largely an epitome of man; and as we recognize the boundless reach of his "visionary power," we irresistibly exclaim, notwithstanding his melancholy,

"Oft in these moments such a holy calm
Would overspread my soul, that bodily eyes
Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw
Appeared like something in myself, a dream,
A prospect of the mind."

In the study of *Hamlet* there is nothing which appeals to our merely superficial feelings,

nor is there any attempt to keep us, by meretricious means, on the tiptoe of expectancy. Instead of this, this noble tragedy, although originally written for the entertainment of the motley audience at the Globe Theatre, is in reality the profoundest attempt to meet the requirements of those for whom the mystery of human life and its conditions is the supreme and overshadowing problem of the world. It may be that the melancholy grandeur of this psychological drama is unattractive to those who live upon the superficialities of life. But to those for whom life means something more than a mere browsing existence, there will always remain a genuine responsiveness between the deeper questionings of our own natures and the strange, sad, dreamy quality of *Hamlet's* character.

HENRY C. PEDDER.

THE LADY OF THE PATIO.

[FROM THE SPANISH.]

When thou wast born, that daybreak
Marked the birth of all the flowers,
And the font of thy baptism mingled
The nightingales' song in its showers.

The cypresses there by thy dwelling
Are clad in endless mourning,
Because they have no blossoms
To offer for thy adorning.

But the orange-tree in thy court-yard,
If thou go near it, sweet,
Sheds its white petals fragrant,
As tribute, at thy feet!

Thy head is the fruit, and the tree-stem
Thy body's grace discloses.
Thy bosom is like a garden
Wherein my soul reposes.

Take, too, my heart—Oh, take it!
Gather it close to thy breast,
And, as a child that is weeping,
Lull it and lure it to rest.

GEO. PARSONS LATHROP.

METAMORPHOSIS.

THEY could hardly remember a time when they had not been a part of each other, in childhood or youth or maturity, their houses adjoining, and their people friends. Although there was a difference of two or three years in their ages, no pleasure was complete for Helena unless Leonard shared it, and the sorrow of one was the sorrow of both. When not yet strong enough to climb they used to kiss each other through the wickets. Later they played together in the orchard grass and fell asleep in one another's arms beneath the old plum trees there. Helena was five years old—a little gipsy-like creature, with her great black eyes and rich color, and the fine flowing threads of her thick black hair about her face—and Leonard, fair and comely as a child of light, when they set out to walk to the end of the world together, hand in hand, along the dusty highway in the sun. The old aunt Annabel had threatened them, when they tired her, that she would go to the end of the world and jump off; and they had some curiosity to see the place. A farmer met them, just when the end of the world seemed as far off as the beginning, and brought them home to Squire Vance's in his wagon. That early bit of vagrancy was typical of their real fate.

They were children of much promise, and Helena's ambitions did not suffer her to remain far behind Leonard in their studies. When he went away to school, she felt as if some integral portion of herself had been severed from the rest; and she forgot her aching and loneliness only by burying herself in her books. When he came home, he told her how bitter were those first days without her—perhaps the next half-term was not so hard to him. It was just as hard to Helena, alone with her books, without the stimulus of contact with a class, but content with only his own emulation and approbation. She would lose herself in the delights of her geometrical demonstration, which had a sort of poetry in it, to her mind, in the marvels of her astronomy or chemistry, but in the remaining moments she only seemed

to live till Leonard should come home again. She went, with others, to his examination when school was ending. She knew the theorem almost as well as he, could read the Virgilian line as well; but how swiftly and simply and easily he made the one plain, how gracefully and lightly he rendered the other! And when he recited the ballad of Naseby, with a white face and a fire kindling in those luminous gray eyes, her heart thrilled and her blood ran cold, although in studying by herself she had hated all the Puritan rant. That was sad to her—that she and Leonard should not think alike in all things; but they did not. She formed her feminine conclusions alone, and he had subtle and accomplished masters, and a further reach and fuller grasp of mind. He had a great mind, she thought to herself; he would do a great work in the world, whether he went into politics and helped "recast the nations old into another mould," whether he sat down with a philosophical thesis and taught people how to think, or whether he took his medical degree and concerned himself with the origin of matter. And then, at last, Leonard was in college, coming home and inseparable from her in his long vacations, but beginning to have a thousand thoughts that were not her thoughts.

"How strange it is," she said to him, one day, after an historical discussion, "that we, who used to have one thought, are growing so apart?"

"We shall never grow apart, even if one of us thinks white black and the other thinks it blue," he responded. "Those are surface things; they do not change our natures and ourselves. But for all your hatred of the enemies of church and king, you are a Puritan of the Puritans yourself, my lady," he said, with his jesting voice; and he laughed as he said it, twisting the long, loose tress of darkness that had fallen on his shoulder as they leaned over the same book. What odds were any of her fancies? She was still the same sweet Helena.

"How can you say such a thing?"

"Because it is true. You reproach me for loving the Naseby ballad—you, who have inherited from two hundred years of Puritan ancestry their cast of mind, their austerity of conviction, their—I suppose if you knew I won fifty dollars at cards the night before I came home"—

"Oh, Leonard! Leonard!"

"I said so. The Puritan!"

"The Puritan!" she exclaimed, the tears suspended on her glittering lashes. "Have I their intolerance, their cruelty, their vulgarity, their"—

"You have their habit of thought, altered to the altered times. You are not the Puritan of the seventeenth century, but you are of the nineteenth. You are ready to cry because I won some money at cards!" and he laughed so gayly that she could not be angry.

"I should not think you would care for the society of so disagreeable"—

"Hush! hush!" he answered her. "I allow nobody to abuse my friends."

"But, Leonard, about the cards? You know how dangerous it is, how ruinous, how it destroys the very fibre of the mind"—

"To win money at cards? Look here, Helena, if you gaze at me so charmingly as that I may make you a promise. And it would be a cruelty to exact it, for I play an excellent game."

"It seems to me," she cried, indignantly, "that all they do at the colleges is to teach boys to bat balls, and row boats, and ruin themselves at cards!" And she was so beautiful to him in her indignation that he cared nothing about the indignation.

At length the college days were over. It was Helena's Class-day; they were Helena's triumphs as much as Leonard's; and then, before settling to the study of his profession, he went about the country a little, and at the end of it spent the time in Europe thought necessary. Travel enlarges the point of view, or elevates it. Helena felt when Leonard returned that there was something about the masculine mind, whether inherent quality or long-descended culture, that was beyond her feminine power; and yet she had never seemed sweeter to Leonard than at that moment. There was a trifle of pensiveness about her, too, that was wonderfully attractive in one of as wanton spirits as hers often were; the mel-

ancholy droop of the long black lash touched the heart with a sort of pleasant pain.

But Leonard was out in the world now; he no longer spent every moment with Helena. He was pursuing his profession, and he was led hither and thither by the moment. He had an interest and a curiosity in everything,—and sometimes it was a fact of science, and sometimes it was a pretty girl. If he followed the pretty girl as he would a show in the street, as he would a strain of music luring him on—to him she was only a picture, with some human interest added, but no interest of his own, how was Helena to know it? The melancholy droop of the lash became a droop of the lovely corners of the mouth as well. Leonard was hers, had always been hers. That another person should attract him seemed to her a robbery of her own identity. And apparently that yellow-haired Louisa Dane was attracting him with those sketching fingers of hers. The one defect in Leonard was that he had no ear for music, and music was the passion of Helena's soul. On the other hand, he had a fair talent with his pencil, and Louisa Dane knew how to spill the color from her brushes in a way that kindled the warmth of his admiration. As for Helena, she could not draw a straight line or a crooked one. If Leonard wanted to stroll off sketching with Louisa Dane, he was free to do so; she had no right to prohibit it; all the more Louisa Dane seemed to her a poor sort of thing. And if he forgot her in amusing himself, this dark foreigner, Giuseppe Maldoni, who had drifted to the great county town and was giving music lessons there, knew how to beguile your soul out of your body; and the mornings Helena and Giuseppe spent together, with violin and piano and song, were full of nothing but music.

"What under heaven do you see in that swarthy son of thunder?" asked Leonard, one day, with vexation, meeting the Italian going out.

"All that you see in that 'daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair,'" she replied; "a community of interest."

"What community of interest can I have with Louisa Dane?" he cried. "She is teaching me to mix my colors."

"And Giuseppe is teaching me how to move the world with diminished sevenths."

"Giuseppe, indeed—and since how long?"

Pshaw! A regular shibboleth. There seems to be a cant to every art. There is something sensual about music, Helena," he said, leaning back his head, with his hands clasped behind it, where he had thrown himself on the lounge. "Animals almost invariably recognize its power; its best ministers are people of limited intelligence; even idiots have been known—"

"Stop, stop, sir; it is like blasphemy! The one divine thing on earth, the one thing that lifts the soul to heaven, that solaces sorrow, that crowns joy—"

"There, there, there!" he cried, "or I shall think you have gone mad. It is a dialect, I suppose," he added, reflectively.

"And there is no dialect or shibboleth in your and Louisa Dane's talk about tones and values and technique and schools and morbidzza—"

"But you see we have the real things to show for it; we have values and technique—or we haven't."

And then she laughed and began to warble "Una voce poco fa."

"I dare say," he said, "that you are doing that in a manner to move a stone, if it had an ear for music. But that sort of thing always makes me remember a scene in a madhouse near a city on the French coast, where a fellow playing on a flute drew the maniacs after him as Orpheus drew the brutes. A singular place it was—I must see it again some day—they had ideas there about the brain and its management."

But Helena's light-hearted singing was due to her having just learned a secret of nature, and suddenly convicted of the fact that this yellow-haired youth, with his clear gray eyes and Greek face, was not to find his complement in any girl as yellow-haired, as gray-eyed, as Greek-faced as himself. Perhaps he knew he was not in love with the pleasant girl who sketched with him; certainly what he did not know was that he was in love with the girl who sang with the Italian. She was going to teach him. She—she herself—had long known—and she stopped her singing and hid her crimson face between her hands.

What happened to her inner consciousness did not hinder Helena from practising the next morning with Giuseppe, from walking in the woods with him, and trying to note on paper the musical value of the *susurri* of the pines

and the tinkle of cat-bird's song and bobolink's, of copying out for him certain exercises that he needed, of taking down the rich and sweet unwritten melodies of his land, which he knew by scores; of reading with him treatises on counterpoint, canon and fugue. It was all very simple—why should Leonard disturb himself? But he did. "I can never have Helena a moment to myself!" he exclaimed to Helena's Aunt Jane.

"And why should you expect it?" said Aunt Jane. And at the glance he gave her, Aunt Jane, who had put brown paper on a thousand bumps for him, and given him tarts and puffs as liberally, and received all his childish confidences, had saved him from countless punishments, and loved him as if he belonged to her, replied, "You look as if I were good enough to eat, and you meant to do it!"

"I have found out—I have found out, Aunt Jane, what is the matter with me!" he cried, and laid his head in the good old maid's lap.

"Well, well, my dear boy," she said, with her fingers on his clustering locks, "we all have a time to find that out. Thank goodness, if you don't find out anything worse. For, to save my soul, I can't make out what Helena means if she doesn't mean to marry this Italian."

"Marry him!" cried Leonard, in white amazement. "Why, she can't. She is mine, I am hers, we—we—we have been as good as married ever since she was born!"

"She'll cry salt tears for her folly yet," said Aunt Jane, grimly—her customary volubility quenched in her own tears for the time. And Leonard went away on fire to his finger-tips, and when Helena capped her enormities by going up on the noon train to the city one Saturday afternoon with Giuseppe, to hear Faust, the first person in the house that her eyes rested on was Leonard, as white and radiant himself, with the play of his passions, as if he were just about to play Lohengrin. Nothing to him was all the sunlight and shadow of that ideal drama of love, and youth, and joy, and grief; he saw none of it, he heard none of it, as he saw Helena grow ruddy or grow pale, smile or weep with satisfaction in the song and the singer; and when he observed people wondering at her vivid Spanish beauty, and heard them inquiring who she was, he ground his teeth with rage again to think she was subject to such remark and companioned by Giuseppe.

"Leonard at the opera?" she said, as they brushed by him coming out. "Don't tell me. after this, that the tonic sol-fa represents senseless hieroglyphics to you! Now, you are coming home with us."

"Going home with you!" he exclaimed, in the same suppressed tone, and with flaming eyes. "How dare you speak to me so! I am never going home!"

"I think you will," she said, with the smile that disclosed the little teeth like kernels of white corn in that sweet and wholesome mouth of hers, "for I will sing you the 'Ave Maria' and the 'Jewel Song.'—She was making promises to vacancy, for Leonard was not there; but he had carried away her roses—her bunch of great yellow roses—in his hand.

He came, all the same, with the evening, although delaying till the church bells rang nine. Helena was alone, and there were no lights in the room other than those shed from the soft sea-coal fire—but that gleam illumined the deep claret tint of her velvet bodice and the gold-flowered gauze scarf she wore, till she looked like a Venetian donzella waiting to be painted by Pordenone. She was waiting for Leonard only; she had been watching for him and pacing the floor, in a suspense lest she had gone too far, that was growing beyond her bearing, as turn after turn she stopped at the window and saw no shadow on the garden-walk. And when he came in, as he always did, without knocking, she was standing just beside the door, and her arms were about his neck, and their lips met together, and there was no more doubt or darkness between them.

"To think," she said, by and by, "of your being troubled about poor Giuseppe, with a wife whom he adores at home with their six children!"

"Do not speak of it," he shuddered. "It was all too dreadful. Let me forget it. Or else I can hardly be glad of it as opening my eyes and giving you to me at last."

"And you didn't know you cared for me till I practised scales with a singing-master?"

"Did you?"

"Why, I knew it always!" she said.

"I knew you were a part of me!" he cried. "I knew you were vital to me. I could not dream of existence without you. I cannot dream of existence without you now. I would not live one hour if you were out of the world.

Oh, Helena, my love, how awful it is that one person, staying, can make life heaven or hell, and going, can eclipse the sun itself!"

"And would my going eclipse the sun?" she asked, archly; "are you so different from other men that no other woman could console you?"

"I am different from other men. For me there is but one woman in the world; the rest are shadows. I never thought what it would be to love you before, you have seemed, without thinking, so inseparable from myself and my life. Helena, I don't know but I was happier before I was so happy; happier in my unconscious content." But with her head upon his breast, and her eyes gazing up at him—eyes purple-dark as the velvet of a heartsease petal, he knew that words were all in vain, that he was absorbingly and tumultuously happy now, and that he must make the most of it, for life was too long for such bliss to last.

And Helena—she kept feeling that now it was time to die—all other moments in life would seem pale and thin beside these supreme ones. "How beautiful you are!" he cried. "Your eyes have a light in them that does not belong to earth, and your smile is only the expression of an inner beauty—"

"Hush, hush!" she said. "You never used to speak to me so."

"And perhaps I never shall again. I seem never to have seen or thought of it before. But it is not for your beauty that I love you. It would be all the same with me if you were scarred and marred. But I must speak now; this once I must lay my soul bare and let you know how precious you are to me. I must look at it myself. I never knew it till this year began. Singular phenomenon—this love—it is a burden, it is a dolor, but oh, what unspeakably delicious dolor!"

And the maiden, to whom this passionate love was tendered, slept upon the clouds by night, and seemed to walk a track of sunbeams into heaven itself by day. All things shared her happiness; the people in the house and on the street, the postman or the tramp, it was never cloudy weather when she flung that smile across their way. It seemed good to staid old folk whose heyday was long over, like Aunt Annabel or Aunt Betty, to see such irradiating bliss in the world; and it was good for all who crossed her path; she wanted them to be glad

of her gladness, and she pitied them so much to think they could not have that gladness for their own that she could not do enough for them.

The lovers would probably have been married at once, had not the death of Helena's uncle, with whom she had always lived, and the discovery of his insolvent estate, leaving her the three aunts with no one but herself on whom to rely, necessarily postponed matters a little. She made arrangements at once to take the scholars left after Signor Giuseppe's departure, and she played the organ for an early church, and received a salary for singing in the choir of a later one. And she stipulated, before she married, to be allowed to continue this course. But what a sweetness that year's engagement added to her life! When she was used to remember it afterward, it seemed only like one long, bright summer's day.

Yet sweet as that was, the married life was sweeter. Leonard prospered in his profession; and the goodness of two or three grateful patients, who died at last, gave him the means with which to buy Craggsnest, an estate upon the mountain side which they had long coveted. It was a trifle too far away from the town for a physician's convenience, but he had his office hours in town, and had succeeded so well that he could afford indifference as to the accessibility of his house. What pleasure they had in beautifying the place! Every rose they planted, they planted together. "Their blossoms will seem to be your breath," he said. They had the satisfaction of children in arranging the interior: this room looked out upon a purple mountain view; it should be fitted in old-gold plush, and the tiles around the fireplace should be done in deepest crimson Jacqueminot roses. This room opened on the rushing brook and its still, deep pool, like a bit of fallen sky; its colors, lighted with crystals, should be the cool blues that doubted if they were not greens, like Ænoid's

"Splendid silk of foreign looms,
Where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue
Played into green."

This room, leading into the study, should be full of flowers and gay with summer chintz; and the library should have the velvet, mossy shadows of sunlit woods. The aunts were coming to live with them, the aunts whom Leonard loved as much as she did; and Helena

clasped her hands in joy a hundred times a day to think what a home it was, and how perfect the days would be in it. They hung the pictures together—chiefly Leonard's water-colors—lifting and lowering them, and standing back and admiring them and each other, and they set up their books and arranged the details of their housekeeping plans, all in Leonard's spare moments; and there was not, speaking loosely, a particle of dust in the house that had not connected with it some association, some romance, some fact of their lives, for both of them. The day that they moved in was almost as much to Helena as the day when, crying and laughing together, her face like sun and rainbows and April showers, she kissed her aunts and went away, having become in law that part of Leonard which she had always been in fact. "To walk to the end of the world together," he said.

She sat on the doorstep one night, years afterward, looking down the blue mist of the gorge that a long beam was just lighting with its dusty gold, and life seemed to her to stretch away like an endless path among the Islands of the Blest. What a union was hers and Leonard's, she mused. They read the same books together, and re-read the old ones; they almost thought the same thoughts together, they grew more alike each day; they had dropped the old quarrels about matters remote as the Puritans, possibly for new ones, but where they differed the difference only brightened their lives with gayety. Yet they had had their troubles together; at first some effort to make both ends meet, some amazement to Helena to find her husband mortal enough to like his soup clear and his coffee hot, some revelation to Leonard that Helena had a temper of her own; and then the patients were a nuisance to her; she hated them all—especially the women who adored and confided in their doctor—but not half so much a nuisance as the music was to him, that filled the house with clatter and stole his wife away every Sunday. And in these years, too, Helena had gone down between the gates of death, and as her husband bent beside her in her recovery, she realized afresh what she was to him, and how the breath of his life hung upon hers. "They are beautiful," he said of his children, "they are you, they are me, they are their own fresh new beings, the spark of whose life was our love.

But they are nothing to me beside you, my darling." But when they died she thought his heart would break. She herself felt as he had thought he should feel—a tender grief, a perfect love, a trust in the hand that gave them and reclaimed them; but Leonard was spared, and having Leonard, she had all. And there was, moreover, a certain ecstasy even in her sorrow, with the thought of what it meant to have children in heaven. "It is a sacrament," she said to Leonard. "We had them, God has them; God and we, and no other, enter into it. It is a positive and actual breaking of sacramental bread. And oh, my darling!" she would cry, throwing her arms about him, "since I have you—"

But as time went on, and no other children came, she saw what a grief it was to Leonard, what an increasing grief; how he loved other people's children, and longed for his own. And she was content with only him. Yet for any and every drawback, what a perfect home theirs had been; what generous hospitality had reigned within its open doors; how the poor knew its gates as the birds do the branching trees; what cheerfulness and sweetness, and gay, bright social life and love of man dwelt there! Once in a while, it is true, Helena had a smouldering mood that blazed out when she suspected some woman of making sickness a pretense for the comfort of the doctor's presence, and wrathfully forbade him ever to bring that woman into the house—ending always by carrying her, herself, all manner of dainties by day, and sitting up with her at night. Yes, on the whole, an almost perfect home—and no two days alike in it.

Leonard came and sat beside her as the purple began to wipe out the gold in the mist of the gorge below, and a pale star trembled out upon the upper air. "Ah, what a beautiful world it is!" she sighed.

"Because you are in it," he answered her, lightly.

"Do you really think so still," she said, "when we have been married eight years, and after all my tempers?"

"I shall think so forever. You are to me lovelier than you were the day I married you—a closer part of the fibre of my inmost being."

"I think I believe you," she said, half shyly. "I think, if I were to die, you are the one man in the world who would not marry again."

"Marry again!" he cried, drawing her toward him fervently; "when I so detest second marriages, that I hold them allowable only as evidence that the first was no marriage at all. And I, who have been your husband, profane your memory by putting another woman in your place! Thank heaven, there are some things that are impossible!" and she returned his embrace as fervently.

"And I should not live to marry again," he said. "If grief did not kill me, there are quieting potions that would. What should I have to live for? How could I survive the loss of half myself—half myself from the day of your birth, and for eight years the very breath of my being! Not even death could divorce two lives knit like ours!"

She had become so used to such asseverations, that I doubt if she would not have felt a little wronged and defrauded had he failed to make it as emphatic. As it was, for some subtle reason, it only filled her with a deep and quiet satisfaction. "I pray that we may go together," she cried, clinging to him closely. To her he was the best, the greatest, the loftiest, the loveliest man alive. He had something of the largeness of the gods to their worshipers; something, too, of the helplessness of the child to its mother. She knew that her flashes, and blazes, and singing spells were only a succession of new experiences to him that gave her something of Cleopatra's infinite variety; she wondered why he was not more moved by that marvelous voice of hers, the inmost sweetness of whose tones had a thrill that moved other men to tears; but then she could not stand spellbound before the operations where his surgeon's knife wrought miracles; and her voice was but a pleasure of the senses, and his skill was the salvation of a life. She did not often let him see her in such tender mood as this; she would have died for him if it would have done him any good; she would have died with him any day he asked it.

She had a chance presently.

They had gone down to the seaside for a week's change. The day was a perfect one, with now and then a capful of wind blowing out of the little round clouds that swelled up over the horizon like bubbles.

"Will you go out with me?" asked Helena.

"With all these flaws?" he said.

"Just as you please. Then I will go alone."

"Alone! What in heaven's name could you do alone?"

"I am not Grace Darling nor Ida Lewis," she said, the laugh brightening all the rich color in her cheek; "but I fancy I could pull a boat about in these smooth waters."

"Life would be much more comfortable, Helena, if there were something you were afraid of in it! Well, here we go," and he gathered up his lazy length and reached his hat. "If we drown it is your fault."

"It doesn't much matter about drowning," she said, swinging her hat as they went along the shingle, and unaware that she spoke in other than a matter-of-fact way, "if we drown together."

"Are you so indifferent to life—in such a hurry to get through—"

"Oh, no, no, never! But it is all so blest that I am half the time afraid something will happen."

"But the worst that could happen is death, and—"

"No, indeed; the worst that could happen would be that you might look at some other woman!" and then they both laughed, knowing well the habit of her jealous pangs, and ran along to the boat, it signifying little that neither of them knew much of anything about a boat, and that they were running before the wind directly in the track of the sea-going steamers.

"Could anything be more perfect?" said Helena, half recumbent in the stern, sea and sky making a sapphire and lapis ring about her. "We seem to be alone in this great hollow shell of the sky and sea. It is like our old lover days over again."

"Only better," he answered her.

"Only better," she repeated.

"We must come out at night, with the sea and the stars, and the freedom of the universe, alone together," and as they sailed he told her histories of the old craft that had ploughed these waters—fire-ships and phantom ships—and recited to her verses of his own inditing, for now and then he turned off a little song as perfect as a pearl.

"That is the strangest thing," she said, "that you, who don't know what music is, should have the writing of such verses, and I, who am music's confidante, cannot write a melody."

"You are a melody," he said. And just at that instant there was a roar, a rush, a ringing of bells that sounded in their ears like gongs, wild cries, a vast black bulk towering over them, a crash, a sweep of many waters, and then nothingness.

Half an hour afterward a fisherman found a broken boat afloat, bottom-side up, and a man entangled in the rigging, his head above water, unconscious, but alive. Trimming his sail speedily, he took his half-drowned man ashore. And after the sickness and delirium of weeks, as wretched and desolate a man as walked the earth, Leonard Vance took up his colorless life, alone, as he said, till the sea gave up its dead. For Helena was never found. I scraped the moss away, the other day, from a stone set up as a memorial without a grave, and overgrown with bramble roses, to read the name upon it:

HELENA VANCE.

LOST AT SEA.

AGED TWENTY-EIGHT.

To the happy, half a score of years may pass like a dream in the night. They may pass like a dream in the night, too, to those who are simply unaware of their lapse, as a woman lying helpless and speechless in a large hospital for the insane near a town on the French coast, could hardly fail to be. She had been brought there by the captain of a French steamer, who had picked her up at sea, pitying passengers having subscribed a sum of money for her comfort. He knew nothing about her; the fracture of her skull—for she had been perhaps dragged the whole length of the keel and hurt by the propeller—had already made her insensible before the apoplexy of drowning took place, and although, when drawn on board the steamer, she was found, after long effort, to be living, she had no language and no consciousness. The fine texture of the fragments left of the garments torn and cut and wrenched away, indicated comfortable circumstances; but no name was to be found on any of the remaining portions. Yet one could hardly look at her and not imagine her to have been a person of singular refinement, as she evidently still was of singular beauty—dark and shapely, with chiseled features and a wealth of long, night-black hair. The captain who left her at the hospital on landing, had intended to insert advertisements respecting her in the American

newspapers, but whether he did or not no one knew, as he was himself lost at sea on the return voyage.

And so she had remained where he had left her, her case exciting some interest among surgeons. The fracture of the skull had long been cured, and it was thought a slow absorption would relieve the brain of pressure and in time restore the patient to herself and so to her friends. She had gradually waked from her stupor, and given faint glimmers of reason, and become more and more intelligent, although so slowly that one recognized it only by comparison with the past. When at last she spoke, it was in French. Whether that was her native tongue was doubtful, from a certain peculiarity of pronunciation. It was possible she had learned it as a child learns its mother-tongue, hearing it spoken about her; but, on the other hand, if she belonged, as her dark rich colors seemed to say, to the southern provinces, that would account for the peculiarity. In the eighth year of her stay, however, she, once in a while, said something in a foreign tongue, German, perhaps, or English—the case was inexplicable. Some months later, she seemed to be full of perplexing thoughts, of melancholy memories, of doubt and wonder; she obtained from the attendants all that they knew about herself, but she said nothing in reply, as if uncertain whether she dreamed or waked. The physicians regarded it as an unfavorable symptom that she became very sad. One day she was heard humming an Italian air, full of *floriture*; she wept afterward, she could not have told you why. And then she soothed a demented child by singing to him softly all the morning. The attendants got in the way of asking her to sing whenever the wards were noisy, and she always brought quiet—an old official of the place used to do the same thing with his flute, they said. One day when a dangerous and murderous maniac had broken loose and was dealing havoc on his way, she astonished everybody within the walls by walking coolly toward him and bursting into a triumphal song, full-throated, resounding, sweet to the soul's satisfaction, till the maniac crept to her feet and allowed the attendants to secure him. But after that she seemed more bewildered and sad than before.

One morning, in the tenth year of her stay, wrapped in her long cloak and big blue hood,

and walking in the grounds, of which she had long had the liberty, she suddenly threw up her hands, uttering a loud cry, "I have it all! I have it all!" slipped through the gate and was gone. The clot was absorbed at last: the cure was complete.

Possibly it was the same woman who shipped that night on an outward-bound vessel as stewardess, took her wages in the American port, purchased fresh under-garments with a feverish haste, and bought a railway-ticket for the town where Helena Vance was born and had lived her happy life.

How slow was the train! No lively tune could its motion make in her mind; the wheels clamored and clattered only to the movement of a funeral march. She could neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep. Ten years! It was an eternity! Would they be alive—Leonard, the dear old aunts? Who had taken care of the poor things in all those years? How they must have missed her, their darling! How he must have missed her, his other self! Robbed of ten years of happiness, condemned to ten years of solitude and suffering—if, indeed, he had not found the refuge he had always looked for in her loss, the refuge of the grave, himself. How she would work to atone to him, to make him happy, in all their remaining years, with a redoubled happiness, as if the whole tide that should have belonged to the years that were lost in that black gap of unconsciousness flowed back with ten times repeated strength and depth. Oh, if he only lived! She longed unspeakably once more to feel his arms about her, his kisses on her mouth; to look into his eyes, to hear his voice. Ten years could not have changed him much; they had hardly changed her at all, with that long slumber of the brain. And once more to have that shelter, that support, that care, that worship! Her heart beat so it choked her; she trembled with eagerness, with fear, with hope, with joy. And yet—if she—should—meet Leonard with a smile on his face —

Five o'clock of a gray afternoon when a woman, in a long cloak and a blue hood that nearly hid her face, walked slowly up the hillside to Crag's nest, as if the throbbing of her heart made it barely possible to move.

The place had changed a little. The house and gardens were the same—yes, there were the roses; "their blossoms will seem to be

your breath," he said. Somebody cared for them then! "Oh, roses, what happiness you witnessed once, what happiness you shall again!" she said. But still there was a change—yes, it was the wilderness of trees above and below that were being cut away, and piles of cord-wood and great logs made a confusion of the place, as if, instead of being a finished home a century old, it were a new clearing in the forest. It made her shake a little, as her eyes wandered up and down; she felt as if that would not happen if Leonard lived there still; the spot should be sacred to him with memory of her.

She went round to a door in the gable, tottering at last, and leaning on the jamb a moment; she pulled her big hood about her face, and knocked and went into a room where three old ladies sat. Nothing in the room had been moved from its original place—paper, and pictures, and carpet were only a little faded—that was all. A pale old woman slumbered in her chair in the hebetude of old age from which she never waked; one read a novel in a state of bland contentment and well-being; and one, the lively little bustling Aunt Jane, was busy with a work-basket and humming pleasantly to herself the while. If the three had missed their niece in the beginning, they were reconciled by this, and lived a happy, easy life, cared for in sufficient comfort evidently.

"Let you rest?" chirruped Aunt Jane. "To be sure, my good woman. Take the rocking-chair. You see, this is the house of rest," glancing at her sisters. "Are you going far?"

"Not far," was the low reply.

"From the neighborhood here?"

"I used to live here once, long ago, long ago."

"Ah, indeed," said Aunt Jane, viewing the hole she was to darn on her stretched fingers. "Then you find the place changed, I suppose."

"Oh, yes; oh, yes."

"Well, it is changed. And it's a pity, too. But they have been cutting down the trees ever since Leonard married again. He found it profitable, and having two families to support—"

"Is—is—is Leonard married again?" How the voice shook! It was only a ghastly whisper.

"You knew him, then? Oh, yes, long since.

Let's see—five years, I think. He is married and has a son quite a little lad. He—"

"And he is the one that would not live if his wife died!" said the other, with a sudden hysterical laugh that made Aunt Betty look up from the pages of her "Sea-Side." And then the world was going out—it was all black—it was going out. No, no; she must not, she would not lose her self-control!

Aunt Jane's needle was suspended in the air a moment with surprise, and then, slow to take offense or to imagine evil, she answered, even although to unheeding ears: "Yes, I see you knew him pretty well. But he mourned her enough. He mourned her enough. And then, you see, he was a man. I can't say anything—we couldn't, you see. He takes care of us. And he had a right to marry." There was a gasp, as if the other tried in vain to speak, or had repeated the words before sound came to fill them. "Did he—did he—marry Louisa Dane?"

"Louisa Dane, indeed! He married a little pale, thin woman that he met in the cars, sick and weak, with air-cushions and rugs and hot-water bottles; and there was a great accident, and this miserable little creature who could not take care of herself began to take care of everybody else. And he's a doctor, you know. And it rather fetched him," said poor Aunt Jane, unconscious of her slang. "It made him fond of her, and by and by—he was so sad and solitary—he went and brought her home. He didn't undertake to bring her here!" said Aunt Jane, emphatically. "He isn't the same Leonard. But they seem happy, and, as I said, they have the little lad."

"The little lad," murmured a voice of infinite sadness.

"And Leonard was always so fond of children. But for my part," snapped Aunt Jane, "I always think there's a good deal of make-believe about that sort of sick person—can't button her own boots one year, and a competent housekeeper the next! Yes, Leonard is married again, and very comfortable. Where does he live?" guessing rather than hearing the words. "Down in the town near the post-office. But he comes up once a month or so to settle accounts and give directions. He keeps his old study here, and he always comes in at the end gate and goes in there and comes out to see us by and by," continued the garrulous old soul, for the visitor allowed her to run on.

She was pulling herself together now. The shock was vast. Her brain seemed to reel, as if she put forth all her strength to save herself in the fall down a black and unknown chasm. All the great suffering senses were benumbed. Only now a grim fancy crossed her of Leonard living down in the town, getting all the small ways of the townspeople, living cheaply, with closed doors, interested in the small gossip, small pleasures, small pursuits of the town. And their life up on the hill had been so free and fine. And it was dust and ashes! Ah, why had some fire from heaven not fallen and reduced the place itself to the same ashes that its happiness had found! For herself—she must not think of herself yet—that would come by and by, that would come in the terrible days and nights when the black waves rose around her, and one wave tossed to another, and a blacker storm, to be followed by as black a calm, raged within.

She sat very still in the chair. She was trying to bring some order from the confusion, to stop this bell that was tolling the one word in her ear like a death-knell. Leonard was married again. To a little delicate woman. She made his home agreeable to him—she had no tempers, no caprices, no gay rout of friends—and there was no music. Doubtless his dinners were always nicely cooked, his clothes in perfect order. And he was very comfortable; yes, vastly more comfortable than he had ever been before; there were no discussions, no differing views, no quarrels—he had a reverential feeling for this good and placid, delicate white woman, and there was the little lad.

What was there left for herself but the effacement that fate had given her?

Yet if she could see him once again! Perhaps she had better not; she might betray herself; it would be harder still. Now she could go as she came. She could make the sacrifice. She was sure of herself. But should she see his eyes—

"I declare!" said Aunt Jane. "That's Leonard now, coming in the gate. And Bridget's dusting the study—she was late in her sweeping to-day—and not half through."

"I will go in, then, if you please. I know the way. I came to speak with him," said the other, and she called all her reserves and rose.

"Well, if you had just as lief. My ankle's lame, and I rather favor it," said Aunt Jane,

looking after her, as she groped her way rather than walked. "Just Helena's height, poor girl!" said Aunt Jane, as the door closed, "and there was something in her voice like Helena's, too. Didn't know he had a downtown office, I suppose, and she does seem weak. I declare I don't see how Annabel wears such holes in her stockings and she never setting her foot to the ground! I wonder if it can be possible that Bridget wears them herself the odd week."

The study opened from the flower-room, empty now, but once a bright little spot of gay chintzes, and roses, and oleanders, and palms, and camellias. It seemed as if Bridget was never coming out. Any one might hear this heart beat like the hammers of a forge. It would be dark presently, and she must be going. Not once did she think of breaking up that marriage. If he could make it, he could keep it. Perhaps he was happier so; she would not add to his troubles by reappearing on the scene; and then there was the little lad. She sank upon a seat in the lonely place, and her arms fell straight across her knees with her head between them. It was despair. That little lad was the keenest blow of all—he must needs love his own child!—and it was hers, that other woman's. Ah, how cruel was fate, was nature, was God! There was nothing for her but obliteration, effacement, annihilation of all that made life. Dimly under all the pang was a feeling that she would like to see that little lad.

At last Bridget went out, by the outer study door, into the garden, and so away. There was a movement of a chair drawn to a table, of a curtain pushed up for light. She was hardly acting with volition now, but as if necessity had taken hold of her. She dropped her hood and cloak, and stole into the study, where the last western light lay noiselessly, for Leonard's back was turned and fell upon a chair that would be opposite him when he should turn again. He slightly wheeled his chair about on its pivot, still looking at the paper in his hand. How grave he was; how pale; how still. All the old fire had gone, all the old light and laughter. He was silent, full of reserves, contented, it might be, but with gaps of bitter memories, one would say. And beautiful—beautiful as even in his proudest youth! Giving his life to others now—what

better could she herself do! Perhaps she had no blame for him—but she had lost him—he had gone away from her forever, forever!

She turned, her profile lying half to the light that came full upon it; the rustle made him glance up. For a moment—a thrill, a throb—he gazed on her, stone still, as if a cataclysm had struck him dumb. And then he sprang to his feet and started back in a kind of horror. "Helena!" he cried, in a voice of agony.

She, too, stood up. He was holding out his arms to her with a great sob. It seemed as if a wind blew her into them. But, as his head bent, she only turned her cheek. "At least," he said—"at least I may take you in my arms again!" And as suddenly and impetuously he released her, walking to the window. When he turned, she was gone.

"We have seen a ghost," said Aunt Jane, that midnight, after all the quiet search. But I think that Leonard Vance knew whether he had seen a ghost or not.

Three weeks from the day she slipped through the asylum gates near the city on the French coast, the woman in the long cloak and the big blue hood walked in again—if it was the same woman. Her long black hair was white as if ashes had been sifted over it. Ashes had been sifted over it, the ashes of a dead happiness.

I never knew any more about her, in her life of effacement, unless the subjoined paragraph in a foreign journal had reference to her:

"At the conflagration occurring last week in the Asylum of Our Lady of the Suffering Heart, the loss of life would have been appalling but for the presence of mind of one of the attendants. It seems that when the flames broke out the wildest panic seized the unfortunate inmates, and all would have inevitably perished in the flames, had not this attendant of whom we speak suddenly began to sing. Her clear and powerful soprano voice—a voice that seemed, to those assisting at the prodigious spectacle, sweeter than anything ever heard on earth—rose over the stupendous uproar, as the singer stood quite still in the centre of the main hall, with the roof ready to fall in, till the wretched people had gathered about her, when, still singing, she quietly led them out into safety. Whether this attendant is some retired prima-donna assoluta with a history, or whether merely a simple person caring for the insane, is not known. But she is to be placed at once in a responsible position at the head of the female wards of the new asylum, in the performance of the sad duties to which she has devoted her life."

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WHERE ARE THE SPRINGS OF LONG AGO?

Come near, O sun,—O south wind, blow,
And be the winter's captives freed:—
Where are the springs of long ago?

Drive underground the lingering snow,
And up, the greensward legions lead;
Come near, O sun,—O south wind, blow!

Are these the skies we used to know,
The budding wood, the fresh-blown mead?
Where are the springs of long ago?

The breathing furrow will we sow,
And patient wait the patient seed;
Come near, O sun,—O south wind, blow!

The grain of vanished years will grow,
But not the vanished years, indeed!
Where are the springs of long ago?

With sodden leafage, lying low,
They for remembrance faintly plead.
Come near, O sun,—O south wind, blow!
Where are the springs of long ago?

—EDITH M. THOMAS.

CARHAIX.

THERE is scarcely any pleasure that affords more unalloyed delight than recalling the scenes of travel in which we have participated. The present is often stormy, the future always uncertain, but the past is irrevocably in our possession. Time softens the outline of whatever scenes of hardship we have experienced, while fancy idealizes the recollection of former delights.

Such are the reflections that occur to me when I allow my thoughts to float back to other days and wander again over the wide seas, or amid the scenes and associations of foreign lands. Few of these hold more sway over my memory than the days passed in Brittany. Every hour was full of interest, every hour brought me face to face with fresh antiquities or revelations of the picturesque; but it was not until I reached Morlaix that I felt in all its force the sensation of being carried back to the Middle Ages. The first object I saw on entering the city was the stupendous viaduct that carries the train across the deep gorge which divides the city. Despite its disturbing effect, however, I came under the influence of past ages immediately on stepping foot in the old town.

To tell of all the objects of interest, the strange customs and stranger people that I saw at Morlaix and other parts of Brittany, during my wanderings in that interesting country, would require a volume; but I am tempted to describe one episode of my visit to that country, for while it offered less of picturesque and historic interest than many other spots, it possessed certain elements which made a very strong impression upon me. This was my trip to Carhaix.

I reached Quimperlé one afternoon in January. I had been assured I should find a diligence that would leave for Carhaix immediately on the arrival of the train from the west. So far, my informants were right; but the conductor of this vehicle had shown such extreme punctuality as to start for Carhaix before I had fairly time to get out of the train. I threw my-

self into an omnibus belonging to a hotel, and, in the language of the old romancers, flinging a purse of gold on the floor of the equipage, I bade the driver exhaust every effort to overtake the diligence. Up a long hill the lumbering conveyance frantically sped, until we caught sight of the chase, and our shouts finally attracted the attention of the lout who was driving it. A round, red Breton face looked outside of the cover, saw us coming at full gallop, and, without an uncommon degree of shrewdness, succeeded in taking in the situation at a glance. He came to a halt, and I exchanged a spacious seat in an empty omnibus for a very narrow, crowded one in a carriage constructed without regard to comfort. The only entrance was from the front, and as the whole vehicle was inclosed by a dense cover, without window or door to peer into, it was like gazing into the yawning mouth of a cave. Dimly discerning several old women crowded together in the back part of the diligence, I cautiously concluded to squeeze into the front seat, where there was air, and a better chance of escaping, in case the horse ran away; as the event proved, the latter contingency was a very remote one.

Brittany has been an historic country for over two thousand years. The bloody wars and numerous massacres it has endured within the last century, and the numerous cities within its borders indicate a large population. Yet I could hardly believe it, as the road struck out into a seemingly uninhabited country. Like the waves of the ocean that roll by a ship in regular and endless succession, gradually diminishing in size until they are lost in the far-fading horizon, so on that late midwinter afternoon the sere hills of Brittany followed each other in limitless procession. Even their uniformity was intensified by the hedges of poplar which surrounded each farm, while the dwellings were far apart or hidden in the hollows, and in the hazy atmosphere everything merged into a dull melancholy gray. The effect was not only thoroughly artistic, but also full of pathos and sentiment, as if in sym-

pathy with the marvelous historic associations, the tragedies and the strange folk of Brittany. What would I not give when gazing at the noble scenery of our own beautiful America if I could people it with such legends or picturesque associations as enrich every inch of the soil of Europe!

My fellow-travelers were brimful of legends, and could repeat superstitious tales as readily as Pater Nosters, but they were blind to the scenery. The enjoyment of nature is generally the result of education. The Breton character is a singular blending of obstinacy and stolidity, of prosiness and imagination. Capable of the most extravagant enthusiasm and the most extraordinary devotion either to a cult or the ties of family and clan, they are also liable to paroxysms of brutality and cruelty unsurpassed by any people in Europe. The history of no Continental race presents stronger examples of this blending of opposite traits. To say that the Bretons are conservative is to state the fact mildly; not only do they retain the customs and superstitions of their Druidic ancestors, but also their language; to the present day many of them cannot speak French.



THE DRIVER OF LOUIS QUATORZE.

Toward nightfall we reached the village of Faouet, and stopped for a fresh relay. Not

until now had I reached a true perception of the character of the Bretons. Groups of uncouth but picturesque peasants were clustered



BOY TENDING SHEEP AND COWS.

in the square, the women wearing kirtles of variegated colors, and peaked head-dresses, stiff with starched furbelows. Their rich, warm, brown complexions mantled with vivid red and their eyes keenly black and lustrous, suggested alternate mirth and melancholy. But the heavy outlines of their figures, the large knuckles and the feet encased in clumsy sabots or wooden shoes, showed them the daughters of toil, who, like the scions of aristocracy, carried the marks of their breeding in their blood; but how different was that breeding! They were engaged in knitting or spinning from a bunch of wool attached to the end of a distaff. With the exception of infants just able to tottler, there were no children to be seen. The older ones were obliged to work in the fields like their parents. There is no labor wasted in France; the boys and girls of that thrifty land know little of the sports and pleasures of childhood.

The men I saw at Faouet wore sabots larger and clumsier, if possible, than those of the women. Their legs were clad in blue galligaskins, a red girdle swathed the waist, and an embroidered jerkin fitted tightly to the shoulders, on

which the long black hair rested in massive curls. The head was crowned with a low, broad-brimmed felt hat; all carried a stout staff, strange to say, with the knob end down. There was something sinister about the expression of these sturdy peasants; their eyes were opaquely black, and looked small, gleaming under shaggy, overhanging eyebrows. Curiosity, suspicion, distrust and a low cunning peculiar to ignorance, seemed to lurk in the manner with which they regarded me; perhaps these traits were more apparent to me because I knew them to be peculiar to the Breton character. Unlike the French in general, of whom the Bretons nominally form a portion, there is nothing *gaillard* or *spirituelle* about them. They are a serious and superstitious race; faithful to their creed and their masters, but quick to take affront and slow to forget it.

The architecture of this little town was like its inhabitants—massive, gloomy and austere, but not unpicturesque. Having harnessed another horse, we started once more on our way. The slow day was waning; the cold gleam of the winter sun grew yet more chilly as the shadows lengthened over the sombre landscape; after the sun went down, a gray brooding twilight gradually drew its veil over the

gloom we overtook a peasant on the way home from market. About the time when our little white Normandy cob was beginning to show



THE BRETON ON WEEK-DAYS.



A SPINSTER IN BRITTANY.

silence and solitude in which we seemed to be the only living beings. Now and then in the

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signs of exhaustion, the postillion thought fit to give one of these wayfarers a lift as far as Carhaix. This addition to the freight was over six feet high and proportionately broad and heavy. Not only did he greatly incommode the other passengers by squeezing his ponderous frame into the already well-filled carriage, but the effect was also soon apparent in the staggering steps and hard breathing of little Louis Quatorze, for such was the name of the poor beast. Perceiving the growing fatigue of his horse, the driver, instead of requesting the new comer to get off, redoubled the strokes of the lash, in which, like most French drivers, he had already indulged profusely. Rising in his seat and bending over the dashboard he flogged the poor animal unmercifully, swearing the most terrific oaths at the same time, and with rising inflection he exclaimed with every stroke, "Ah, Louis Quatorze! eh, Louis Quatorze! oh, Louis Quatorze! sacr-r-r-re mille tonnerres, Louis Quatorze!" On venturing to expostulate with this inhuman scoundrel, I was informed in a low, deep, threatening tone and a tiger glance from his bloodshot eyes, that my future health depended upon my minding my own business. The six-footer, who was

the cause of all this, quietly added, with a significant wagging of his ugly head, that the driver knew how to take care of himself and of strangers also. As I was unarmed and no match in size with either of this precious pair, I found it expedient to regard their suggestive hints. After the whip-stalk was broken the driver leaped to the ground and running by the side of the horse urged him on by punching the ragged end of the stick into his belly. Repeatedly the wretched animal fell down, repeatedly was he raised by the united efforts of these worthies, only to endure a repetition of the torture.

Thus inch by inch, as it were, we crept toward our destination over the night-hidden hills of Brittany. Dark objects loomed up dimly by the roadside which proved to be farm-houses, or huts, as they might be more properly called, indicating that we were approaching the town. We were, without doubt, within the limits of Carhaix, as we entered a narrow lane inclosed by high walls. The night being very dark, it was with difficulty that we picked our way through the narrow streets that were but half paved and filled with indescribable depths of



A VENDER OF ONIONS.

mud and filth. An old church was to be faintly seen, a Breton country chapel, surrounded by mouldering graves. The mysterious tower

soared like a great spectre against the scud that drove overhead; the low gusty wind sighed with a melancholy wail over this uncanny spot.



FISH GIRL.

Poor Louis Quatorze seemed now to have reached the last effort of his willing nature, staggering from side to side and stumbling and falling. It appeared impossible for him to go another step, and therefore some of us got out and waded through the mud. My attention was diverted from Louis by a strange noise, which I could not make out at first. When we came nearer I discovered it was the inharmonious grunting of a drove of pigs that a peasant and his wife were driving through the streets. The well-known waywardness of this sportive animal, together with the darkness of the night and the age and clumsiness of those who were driving the herd, made this process necessarily slow, and greatly retarded our progress. Reaching a cross-road, the self-constituted leader of the pigs immediately started off at a gallop in the wrong direction, as is usual with swine, but this trick had been foreseen by the drover, and after several anxious moments the herd was finally shunted off in the right direction, and we were permitted to accelerate our steps.

Ere long our postillion came to a halt, saying we had reached our destination, although there was no apparent reason for our doing so, as we were surrounded by impenetrable gloom.

Nowhere was exhibited the slightest sign of life, but I thought I indistinctly heard the sound of voices. This surmise was verified when our driver gave several rapid taps upon a door. The summons was answered by a buxom matron. A glare of light revealed to us the interior of a comfortable village hostel, or cabaret, where several peasants were discovered smoking and drinking cider. This is the chief beverage of that country among the lower classes, and is so sour that it is called *coupe gorge*.

A bright fire was burning on the ample hearth, but it was insufficient, however, to moderate the intense effluvia of the apartment. The Rembrandt-like picturesqueness of the peasant figures grouped in vivid masses of light and shade was beginning to attract my attention and to divert my thoughts from the disagreeable features of the scene, when the postillion returned with a lantern and said to me, "Now, monsieur, I will guide you to your hotel." Once more I entered the gloom of the streets and threaded a devious way about the crooked lanes of Carhaix at midnight.

Near the centre of the village we came to a



THE FELLOW WHO GOT INTO THE DILIGENCE.

large open space, the market-place of the town. Here was the first street-light I had seen in Carhaix; it was a dim tallow candle in a dirty

lantern suspended on the middle of a rope stretched across the square, and swaying wildly in the blasts of the gusty night. Anything



A WOMAN OF FAOURET.

more lonely and dismal could hardly be imagined. I was deeply oppressed by the vast dreariness of this scene, intensified by the sepulchral baying of hounds and the moaning of the night-wind. The sable drapery of midnight and storm seemed to draw its folds closer and closer. The wailing of lost spirits appeared to creep forth from the mysterious depths of unfathomable shadows in which merged the vague shapes of the surrounding dwellings. They were like giant spectres receding into the unutterable gloom of the regions of despair. An indescribable sense of solitude and awe oppressed the soul. Could it be possible that in such a scene of desolation there was life, shelter, or comfort at hand? From the midst of what seemed a necropolis in the centre of a desert in a forsaken world, was it conceivable that one could pass, as by magic, to scenes exactly the reverse? And yet so it was.

After a few more moments of floundering through the mud, my guide stopped before a shadowy pile built of stone, surmounted by a peaked roof over which the clouds were scurrying wildly. There was no sign of life ap-

parent about the building, and I confess my heart sank within me when my companion said, "This is the hotel, monsieur." But a thundering rap on the iron-bound door was quickly answered. It was opened by an attractive Breton woman, evidently the hostess. "Monsieur is welcome," she said, in a hearty voice. And I felt so when she guided me from the gloom without to the glow and cheer of a fire that blazed on a hearth that embraced half of the side of the room. Never was surprise more acceptable or complete. Sconces of silver on an elegant old-fashioned sideboard added to the cheerfulness of the apartment, while a venerable old gentleman, seated in a chimney-corner, contributed by his quaint presence to the flavor of old-time customs which pervaded the room. I learned he was the father of the hostess and had fought in the wars of the Revolution and the Empire. After recovering from the surprise of the occasion I became once more conscious that I was almost famished and stood greatly in need of a good meal before retiring. But would my wants be satisfied at such an unseasonable hour was a



A FAOUEtian DANDY.

question that I revolved with seriousness and anxiety. My doubts were soon set at rest, when, on inquiring of the fair hostess, she re-

plied, "Mais, certainment, monsieur, avec plaisir." Conducting me across the hall, she opened a heavy door and revealed a new sur-



ON CANDEMAS DAY.

prise. In a spacious, brilliantly lighted apartment, heated by the hospitable flames of a large wood-fire, stood a long table illumined with numerous candles, and elegantly spread with a sumptuous meal, including the game of the season and the choicest wines of Burgundy and Bordeaux. Around this attractive board half a dozen gentlemen were gathered. Evidently they enjoyed a high social position. I learned from their conversation that they had come from Paris to hunt in the neighborhood. Their hounds were sleeping by the fire in aristocratic repose. In the corner of the room fowling-pieces and hunting-bags were clustered in random picturesqueness.

The thickness of the massive stone-walls that shut out all external sounds, and the tightly closed iron-bound shutters secluded us from the world as in some Castle of Indolence. The clang of glittering glasses, the ruby flash of wine, and the hilarity of the guests, sometimes bursting into well-bred peals of laughter, reminded one of festal scenes in some venerable chateau centuries ago. When I sat down to the table the guests nodded to me politely,

and in a few moments I was discussing with uncommon zest the best of Burgundy and grouse. Long after midnight I was shown up to my room, a snug apartment comfortably furnished. I was amused to find the Gallic dread of water freshly illustrated here. Wherever one goes in France he learns that in proportion as he increases the distance from Paris, he decreases the size of wash-pitchers and basins. In Carhaix my room afforded a bowl scarcely larger than a finger-glass and a small coarse pitcher that held about a quart of water. The towel was a foot square!

The winds blew and the rain beat against the house through the long night-watches, but I awoke not until the servant came bringing my coffee some time after sunrise. Dreary indeed was Carhaix that sloppy morning; sheets of rain blew from the eaves in the gusts that sobbed and shrieked over the mouldering roofs. The lanes were half afloat with pools of muddy water thrashed into foam by the storm. As I gazed disconsolately over the scene, I could understand in part why Brittany is not only one of the most romantic but also one of the saddest countries in Europe; why its history is one long tragedy and its people begotten in superstition and steeped in melancholy passion. No country appeals more to the imaginative mind; no country leaves such sombre impressions on the memory.

My hostess sat down by the fireside after breakfast with a basket of sewing, and at once relieved the tenor of my thoughts by her lively, earnest, and intelligent conversation. She belonged to the same type as Charlotte Corday and Madame Roland, and had she lived in '93 might have been a heroine of that awful period. Tall, massively but not ungracefully formed; her complexion a rich brown, suffused with the warm blood of her race; eyes and hair intensely black; lips full and red, and exquisitely

outlined, her beauty was of that imperial order which suggests intense passion, indomitable will, command rather than obedience, fanatical self-sacrifice for love and undying vindictiveness in hate. Her ancestors had shed their blood for the revolution, and her family were still republicans. It can easily be imagined that the conversation of such a woman was a delightful antidote to my first impressions of Carhaix.

During the afternoon the storm cleared away, and gray sunbeams crept shyly over the landscape, the mossy roofs glistened cheerfully, and the ragged eaves were strung with rows of raindrops twinkling like gems. I soop found myself strolling in the streets. Nowhere did I see any evidences of thrift, and it was difficult to realize that this was the emporium of the agricultural and dairy interests of western Brittany. A little public place on the edge of the town, where only two or three children were to be seen, probably a place of concourse in the summer, seemed to have been created solely for a bronze statue which stood in the centre of the green, erected in honor of Theophile Malocoret, who was called the first grenadier of France during the wars of the Empire. For his services in the field he was repeatedly offered a commission, but,



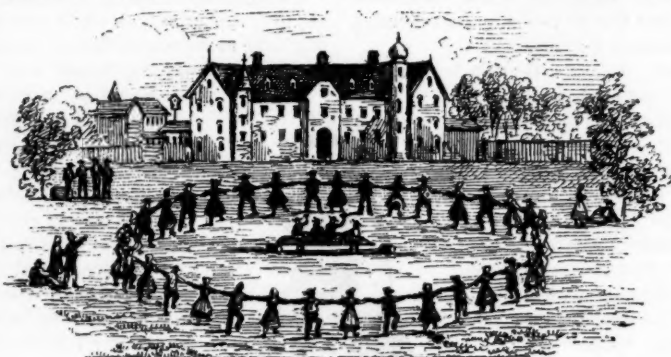
MY HOSTESS.

inspired by no other ambition than to do his duty to his country, he remained satisfied with his modest title. After he was killed at Regensburg, his name continued to be summoned every morning at roll-call, and as regularly the answer was returned: "The first grenadier of France died on the field of glory."

To go from this monument to the parish church was like passing from the pure air of a clear and breezy morning into the gloom of midnight; the one suggested the sturdy self-assertion and honest endeavor of a liberal era; the other the gross superstition and manacled

mind of the Dark Ages. Never was the eternal conflict between the slavery of superstition and the grandeur of freedom better symbolized than by this bronze statue and this mediæval church. Yet the church, to the artistic mind, was the most picturesque. The broad sunlight of noonday appealed less to the imagination than the shadowy mysteries of night. The old tower, built centuries ago by unknown hands, of red granite, was of a florid style of Gothic peculiar to Brittany. Lavishly carved,

superstitions and legends interwoven with their later Roman Catholic cult, they have their times of merriment and jollity. Their dances are characteristic and highly entertaining. Assembling in front of the manor hall or chateau or on the village green, they form a circle, and sometimes keep up the dancing until morning, the festivity often degenerating into a frenzied orgy. In the centre of the circle, on a platform, are seated the musicians, playing on the binion and bombard. Cider, the prevalent



A BRETON DANCING PARTY.

time, storm, and war have chipped off a bit here and there, rounded the sharp edges, and clothed the gray campanile with ivy and lichen until it resembled the petrified form of a giant Druid of legendary ages. Attached to the church was a grave-yard inclosed by a dilapidated wall. It was the custom in Carhaix, until recently, to unearth the skulls of the leading citizens a year after burial, and place them in rows upon shelves in the church porch. This was no doubt a relic of old Celtic customs.

Notwithstanding that such grim relics of Druidic customs still obtain among the peasant classes of Brittany, together with many wild

drink of Brittany, flows copiously, and does not always prove a temperance beverage.

The country surrounding Carhaix is rolling and almost monotonous; while the gentle smile of the setting sun gave to those hills and valleys an indescribable pathos and beauty, and kindled the imagination by recalling Armorican, Celt, Roman, Gaul, Breton, and Briton, who had lost and won battles over that land, who had deluged it in historic blood, and invested it with mysterious legends and thrilling associations of romance.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

LIVING AND LOVING.

A gay little maiden, with glad brown eyes,
Sings 'neath the blossoming bough;
Up in the apple-tree Robin replies,—
Building his nest, I trow.

"What is Life? What is Love?" sang the maiden fair.

Robin, O Robin, trilling up there,

What will you answer now?

Never was maiden so happy as she,

Never did birdie sing sweeter than he,

And never did oracle truer word give:

'What is living but loving—to love is to live!'—M. A. N.

"SET NOT THY FOOT ON GRAVES."

New York, April 29.—Last night I came upon this passage in my old author: "Friend, take it sadly home to thee—Age and Youthe are strangers still. Youthe, being ignorant of the wisdom of Age, which is Experience, but wise with its own wisdom, which is of the unshackled Soule, or Intuition, is great in Enterprise, but slack in Achievement. Holding itself equal to all attempts and conditions, and to be heir, not of its own spanne of yeares and compasse of Faculties only, but of all time and all Human Nature—such, I saye, being its illusion (if, indeede, it be illusion, and not in some sorte a Truth), it still underrateth the value of Opportunitie, and, in the vain beleefe that the City of its Expectation is paved with Golde and walled with Precious Stones, letteth slip betwixt its fingers those diamondes and treasures which ironical Fate offereth it. . . . But see nowe what the case is when this youthe becometh in yeares. For nowe he can nowise understand what defecte of Judgmente (or effecte of insanie rather) did leade him so to despise and, as it were, reject those Giftes and golden chaunces which come but once to mortal men. Experience (that saturnine Pedagogue) hath taught him what manner of man he is, and that, farre from enjoying that Deceptive Seeminge or mirage of Freedome which would persuade him that he may run hither and thither as the whim prompteth over the face of the Earthe—yea, take the wings of the morning and winnowe his aerie way to the Pleiades—he must e'en plod heavilie and with paine along that single and narrowe Path whereto the limitations of his personal nature and profession confine him,—happy if he arrive with muche diligence and faire credit at the ende thereof, and falle not ignobly by the way. Nevertheless—for so great is the infatuation of man, who, although he acquireth all other knowledge, yet arriveth not at the knowledge of Himself—if to the Sage of Experience be proffered once again the gauds and prizes of youthe, which he hath ever since regretted and longed for—what doeth he in his wisdom? Verilie, so longe as the mat-

ter remaineth *in nubibus*, as the Latins say, or in the Region of the Imagination, as oure speeche hath it, he will beleefe, yea, take his oathe, that he still is master of all those capacities and energies whiche, in his youthe, would have prompted and enabled him to profit by this desired occurrence. Yet shall it appeare (if the thinge be brought still further to the teste, and, from an Imagination or Dreame, become an actual Realitie), that he will shrinke from and decline that which he did erste so ardently sigh for and covet. And the reason of this is as follows, to-wit:—that Habit or Custome hath brought him more to love and affect those very ways and conditions of life, yea, those inconveniences and deficiencies which he useth to deplore and abhorre, than that Crown of Golde or Jewel of Happiness whose withholding he hath all his life lamented. Hence we may learne, that what is past, is dead, and that though thoughte be free, nature is ever captive, and loveth her chaine."

This is too lugubrious and cynical not to have some truth in it; but I am unwilling to believe that more than half of it is true. The author himself was evidently an old man, and therefore a prejudiced judge; and he did not make allowances for the range and variety of temperament. Age is not a matter of years, and scarcely of experience. The only really old persons are the selfish ones. The man whose thoughts, actions, and affections centre upon himself, soon acquires a fixity and crustiness which (if to be old is to be "strange to youth") is old as nothing else is. But the man who makes the welfare and happiness of others his happiness, is as young at threescore as he was at twenty, and perhaps even younger, for he has had no time to grow old.

April 30.—The Courtneys are in town! This is, I believe, her first visit to America since he married her. At all events, I have not seen or heard of her in all these seven years. I wonder . . . I was going to write, I wonder whether she remembers me.

Of course she remembers me, in a sort of way. I am tied up somewhere among her bundle of recollections, and occasionally, in an idle moment, her eye falls upon me, and moves her, perhaps, to smile or to sigh. For my own part, in thinking over our old days, I find I forget her less than I had supposed. Probably she has been more or less consciously in my mind throughout. In the same way, one has always latent within him the knowledge that he must die; but it does not follow that he is continually musing on the thought of death. As with death, so with this old love of mine. What a difference, if we had married! She was a very lovely girl—at least, I thought so then. Very likely I should not think her so now. My taste and knowledge have developed; a different order of things interests me. It may not be an altogether pleasant thing to confess; but, knowing myself as I now do, I have often thanked my stars that I am a bachelor.

Doubtless she is even more changed than I am. A woman changes more than a man in seven years, and a married woman especially must change a great deal from twenty-two to twenty-nine. Think of Ethel Leigh being in her thirtieth year! and the mother of four or five children, perhaps. Well, for the matter of that, think of the romantic and ambitious young Claude Campbell being an old bachelor of forty! I have married Art instead of Ethel, and she, instead of being Mrs. Campbell, is Mrs. Courtney.

It was a surprising thing—her marrying him so suddenly. But, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, I have never quite made up my mind that Ethel was really fickle. She did it out of pique, or pride, or impulse, or whatever it is that sways women in such cases. She was angry, or indignant—how like fire and ice at once she was when she was angry!—and she was resolved to show me that she could do without me. She would not listen to my explanations; and I was always awkward and stiff about making explanations. Besides, it was not an easy matter to explain, especially to a girl like her. With a married woman or a widow it would have been a simple thing enough. But Ethel Leigh, the minister's daughter—innocent, ignorant, passionate—she would tolerate nothing short of a public disavowal and discontinuance of my relations with Mrs. Murray, and that, of course, I could

not consent to, though heaven knows (and so must Ethel, by this time) that Mrs. Murray was nothing to me, save as she was the wife of my friend, during whose enforced absence I was bound to look after her, to some extent. It was not my fault that poor Mrs. Murray was a fool. But such are the trumpery seeds from which tragedies grow. Not that ours was a tragedy, exactly: Ethel married her English admirer, and I became a somewhat distinguished artist, that is all. I wonder whether she has been happy! Likely enough; she was born to be wealthy; Englishmen make good husbands sometimes, and her London life must have been a brilliant one. . . . I have been looking at my old photograph of her—the one she gave me the morning after we were engaged. Tall, slender, dark, with level brows, and the bearing of a Diana. She certainly was handsome, and I shall not run the risk of spoiling this fine memory by calling on her. Even if she have not deteriorated, she can scarcely have improved. Nay, even were she the same now as then, I should not find her so, because of the change in myself. Why should I blink the truth? Experience, culture and the sober second thought of middle age have carried me far beyond the point where I could any longer be in sympathy with this crude, thin-skinned, impulsive girl. And then—four or five children! Decidedly, I will give her a wide berth. And Courtney himself, with his big beard, small brain and obtrusive laugh! I shall step across to California for a few months.

May 1.—Called this morning on Ethel Leigh—Mrs. Deighton Courtney, that is to say. She is not so much changed, but she has certainly improved. When I say she has not changed much, I refer to her physical appearance. Her features are scarcely altered; her figure is a little fuller and more compact; in her bearing there is a certain quiet composure and self-possession—the air of a woman who has seen the world, has received admiration, and is familiar with the graceful little arts of social intercourse. In short, she has acquired a high external polish; and that is precisely what she most needed. Evidently, too, there is an increased mental refinement corresponding to the outward manner. She has mellowed, sweetened—whether deepened or not I should hesitate to affirm. But I am quite sure that I find her more charm-

ing to talk with, more supple in intercourse, more fascinating, in a word, than formerly. We chatted discursively and rather volubly for more than an hour; yet we did not touch on anything very serious or profound. They are staying at the Brevoort House. Courtney himself, by the by, is still in Boston (they landed there), where business will detain him a few days. Ethel goes on a house-hunting expedition to-morrow, and I am going with her; for New York has altered out of her recollection during these seven years. They are to remain here three years, perhaps longer. Courtney is to establish and oversee an American branch of his English business.

They have only one child—a pretty little thing: Susie and I became great friends.

Mrs. Courtney opened the door of the private sitting-room in which I was awaiting her, and came in—beautifully! She has learned how to do that since I knew her. My own long residence in Paris has made me more critical than I used to be in such matters; but I do not remember having met any woman in society with manners more nearly perfect than Mrs. Courtney's. Ethel Leigh used to be, upon occasion, painfully abrupt and disconcerting; and her movements and attitudes, though there was abundant native grace in them, were often careless and unconventional. Of course, I do not forget that niceties of deportment, without sound qualities of mind and heart to back them, are of trifling value; but the two kinds of attraction are by no means incompatible with each other. Mrs. Courtney smiles often. Ethel Leigh used to smile rarely, although, when the smile did come it was irresistibly winning; there was in it exquisite significance and tenderness. It is a beautiful smile still, but that charm of rarity (if it be a charm) is lacking. It is a conventional smile more than a spontaneous or a happy one; indeed, it led me to surmise that she had perhaps not been very happy since we last met, and had learned to use this smile as a sort of veil. Not that I suppose for a moment that Courtney has ill-treated her. I never could see anything in the man beyond a superficial comeliness, a talent for business, and an affable temper; but he was not in any sense a bad fellow. Besides, he was over head and ears in love with her; and Ethel would be sure to have the upper hand of a nature like his. No, her unhappiness, if she be unhappy, would be due to no such cause; she and her husband

are no doubt on good terms with each other. But—suppose she has discovered that he fell short of what she demanded in a husband; that she overmatched him; that, in order to make their life smooth, she must descend to him? I imagine it may be something of that kind. Poor Mrs. Courtney!

She addressed me as "Mr. Campbell," and I dare say she was right. Women best know how to meet these situations. To have called me "Claude" would have placed us in a false position, by ignoring the changes that have taken place. It is wise to respect these barriers; they are conventional, but, rightly considered, they are more of an assistance than of an obstacle to freedom of intercourse. I asked her how she liked England. She smiled and said, "It was my business to like England; still, I am glad to see America once more."

"You will entertain a great deal, I presume—that sort of thing?"

"We shall hope to make friends with people—and to meet old friends. It is such a pleasant surprise to find you here. I heard you were settled in Paris."

"So I was, for several years; the Parisians said nice things about my pictures. But one may weary even of Paris. I returned here two years ago, and am now as much of a fixture in New York as if I'd never left it."

"But not a permanent fixture. Shall we never see you in London?"

"My present probabilities lie rather in the direction of California. I want to make some studies of the scenery and the atmosphere. Besides, I am getting too old to think of another European residence."

"No one gets old after thirty—especially no bachelor!" she answered, with a smile. "But if you were ever to feel old, the society of London would rejuvenate you."

"It has certainly done you no harm. But you have the happiness to be married."

She looked at me pleasantly and said, "Yes, I make a good Englishwoman." That sounded like an evasion, but the expression of her face was not evasive. In the old days she would probably have flushed up and said something cutting.

"You must see my little girl," she said, after a while.

The child was called, and presently came in. She resembles her mother, and has a vivacity

scarcely characteristic of English children. I am not constitutionally a worshipper of children, but I liked Susie. She put her arms round her mother's arm, and gazed at me with wide-eyed scrutiny.

"This is Mr. Campbell," said mamma.

"My name is Susan Courtney," said the little thing. "We are going to stay in New York three years. Not here—this is only a hotel—we are going to have a house. How do you do? This is my dolly."

I saluted dolly, and thereby inspired its parent with confidence: she put her hand in mine, and gave me her smooth little cheek to kiss. "You are not like papa," she then observed.

I smiled conciliatingly, being uncertain whether it were prudent to follow this lead; but Mrs. Courtney asked, "In what way different, dear?"

"Papa has a beard," replied Susie.

The incident rather struck me; it seemed to indicate that Mrs. Courtney was under no apprehension that the child would say anything embarrassing about the father. Having learned so much, I ventured farther.

"Do you love papa or mamma best?" I inquired.

"I am with mamma most," she answered, after meditation, "but when papa comes, I like him."

This was non-committal. She continued, "Papa is coming here day after to-morrow. To-morrow, mamma and I are going to find a house."

"Your husband leaves all that to you?" I said, turning to Mrs. Courtney.

"Mr. Courtney never knows or cares what sort of a place he lives in. It took me some little time to get used to that. I wanted everything to be just in a certain way. They used to laugh at me, and say I was more English than he."

"Now that you are both here, you must both be American."

"He doesn't enjoy America much. Of course, it is very different from London. An Englishman cannot be expected to care for American ways and American quickness, and—"

"American people?" I put in, laughingly.

"Don't undress dolly here," she said to Susie. "It isn't time yet to put her to bed, and she might catch cold."

Was this another evasion? The serene face betrayed nothing, but she had left unanswered the question that aimed at discovering how she and her husband stood toward each other. After all, however, no answer could have told me more than her no answer did—supposing it to have been intentional. I soon afterward took my leave, after having arranged to call to-morrow and accompany her and Susie on their house-hunting expedition.

Upon the whole, I don't think I am sorry to have renewed my acquaintance with her. She is more delightful—as an acquaintance—than when I knew her formerly. Should I have fallen in love with her had I met her for the first time as she is now? Yes, and no! In the old days there was something about her that commanded me,—that fascinated my youthful imagination. Perhaps it was only the freshness, the ignorance, the timidity of young maidenhood—that mystery of possibilities of a nature that has not yet met the world and received its impress for good or evil. It is this which captivates youth; and this, of course, Mrs. Courtney has lost. But every quality that might captivate mature manhood is hers, and, were I likely to think of marriage now, and were she marriageable, she is the type of woman I would choose. Yet I do not quite relish the perception that my present feminine ideal (whether it be lower or higher) is not the former one. But, frankly, would I marry her if I could? I hardly know; I have got out of the habit of regarding marriage as among my possibilities; many avenues of happiness that once were open to me are now closed against me. Put it, that I have lost a faculty—that I am now able to enjoy only in imagination a phase of existence that, formerly, I could have enjoyed in fact. This bit of self-analysis may be erroneous; but I would not like to run the risk of proving it so! Am I not well enough off as I am? My health is fair, my mind active, my reputation secure, my finances prosperous. The things that I can dream must surely be better than anything that could happen. I can picture, for example, a state of matrimonial felicity which no marriage of mine could realize. Besides, I can, whenever I choose, see Mrs. Courtney herself, talk with her, and enjoy her as a reasonable and congenial friend, apart from the danger and disappointment that might result from a closer connection. I think I have

chosen the wiser part, or, rather, the wiser part has been thrust upon me. That I shall never be wildly happy is, at least, security that I shall never be profoundly miserable. I shall simply be comfortable.

Is this sour grapes? Am I, if not counting, then discounting my eggs before they are hatched? To such questions a practical—a materialized—answer would be the only conclusive one. Were Mrs. Courtney ready to drop into my mouth, I should either open my mouth, or else I should shut it, and either act would be conclusive. But, so far from being ready to drop into my mouth, she is immovably and (to all appearances) contentedly fixed where she is. I suppose I am insinuating that appearances are deceptive; that she may be unhappy with her husband, and desire to leave him.—Well, there is no technical evidence in support of such an hypothesis; but, again, in a matter of this kind, it is not so much the technical as the indirect evidence that tells—the cadences of the voice, the breathing, the silences, the atmosphere. There is no denying that I did somehow acquire a vague impression that Courtney is not so large a figure in his wife's eyes as he might be. I may have been biased by my previous conception of his character, or I may have misinterpreted the impalpable, indescribable signs that I remarked in her. But, once more, how do I know that her not caring for him would postulate her caring for me? Why should she care for either of us? Our old romance is to her as the memory of something read in a book, and it is powerless to make her heart beat one throb the faster. Were Courtney to die tomorrow, would his widow expect me to marry her? Not she! She would settle down here quietly, educate her daughter, and think better of her departed husband with every year that passed, and less of repeating the experiment that made her his! I may be prone to romantic and elaborate speculations, but I am not exactly a fool. I do not delude myself with the idea that Mrs. Courtney is, at this moment, following my example by recording her impressions of me at her own writing-desk, and asking herself whether—if such and such a thing were to happen—such another would be apt to follow. No; she has put Susie to bed, and is by this time asleep herself, after having read through the *Evening Post*, or

Harper's Bazar, or the last new novel, as her predilection may be. It is after midnight; since she has not followed my example, I will follow hers; it is much the more sensible of the two.

May 2.—What a woman she is! and, in a different sense, what a man I am! How little does a man know or suspect himself until he is brought to the proof! How serenely and securely I philosophized and laid down the law yesterday! and to-day, how strange to contrast the event with my prognostication of it! And yet, again, how little has happened that might not be told in such a way as to appear nothing! It was the latent meaning, the spirit, the touch of look and tone. Her husband may have reached New York by this time; they may be together at this moment; he will find no perceptible change in her—perceptible to him! He will be told that I have been her escort during the day, and that I was polite and serviceable, and that a house has been selected. What more is there to tell? Nothing—that he could hear or understand! and yet—everything! He will say, "Yes, I recollect Campbell; nice fellow; have him to dine with us one of these days." But I shall never sit at their table; I shall never see her again; I cannot! I shall start for California next week. Meanwhile I will write down the history of one day, for it is well to have these things set visibly before one—to grasp the nettle, as it were. Nothing is so formidable as it appears when we shrink from defining it to ourselves.

I drove to the hotel in my brougham at eleven o'clock, as we had previously arranged. She was ready and waiting for me, and little Susie was with her. Ethel was charmingly dressed, and there was a soft look in her eyes as she turned them on me—a look that seemed to say, "I remember the past; it is pleasant to see you, so pleasant as to be sad!" Susie came to me as if I were an old friend and I lifted the child from the floor and kissed her twice.

"Why did you give me two kisses?" she demanded, as I put her down. "Papa always gives me only one kiss."

"Papa has mamma as well as you to kiss; but I have no one, I am an old bachelor."

"When you have known mamma longer will you kiss her too?"

"Old bachelors kiss nobody but little girls," I replied, laughing.

We went down to the brougham, and after we were seated and on our way, Ethel said, "Already I feel so much at home in New York, it almost startles me. I fancied I should have forgotten old associations—should have grown out of sympathy with them; but I seem only to have learned to appreciate them more. Our memory for some things is better than we would believe."

"There are two memories in us," I remarked; "the memory of the heart and the memory of the head. The former never is lost, though the other may be. But I had not supposed that you cared very deeply for the American period of your life."

"England is very agreeable," she said, rather hastily. She turned her head and looked out of the window; but after a pause she added, as if to herself, "but I am an American!"

"There is, no doubt, a deep-rooted and substantial repose in English life such as is scarcely to be found elsewhere," I said; "but for all that, I have often thought that the best part of domestic happiness could exist nowhere but here. Here a man may marry the woman he loves, and their affection for each other will be made stronger by the hardships they may have to pass through. After all, when we come to the end of our lives, it is not the business we have done, nor the social distinction we have enjoyed, it is the love we have given and received that we are glad of."

"Mamma," inquired Susie, "does Mr. Campbell love you?"

We both of us looked at the child and laughed a little. "Mr. Campbell is an old friend," said Ethel. After a few moments she blushed. She held in her hand some house-agents' orders to view houses, and these she now began to examine. "Is this Madison avenue place likely to be a good one?" she asked me.

"It is conveniently situated and comfortable; but I should think it might be too large for a family of three. Perhaps, though, you don't like a close fit?"

"I don't like empty rooms, though I prefer such rooms as there are to be large. But it doesn't make much difference. Mr. Courtney moves about a good deal, and he is as happy in a hotel as anywhere. These American ho-

tels are luxurious and splendid, but they are not homelike to me."

"I remember you used to dislike being among a crowd of people you didn't know."

"Yes, and I haven't yet learned to be sociable in that way. A friend is more company for me than a score of acquaintances. Dear me! I'm afraid New York will spoil me—for England!"

"Perhaps Mr. Courtney may be cured of England by New York."

She smiled and said, "Perhaps! He accommodates himself to things more easily than I do, but I think one needs to be born in America to know how to love it."

Under the veil of discussing America and things in general, we were talking of ourselves, awakening reminiscences of the past, and discovering, with a pleasure we did not venture to acknowledge, that—allowing for the events and the years that had come between—we were as much in accord as when we were young lovers. Yes, as much, and perhaps even more. For surely, if one grows in the right way, the sphere of knowledge and sympathy must enlarge, and, thereby, the various points of contact between two minds and hearts must be multiplied. Ethel and I, during these seven years, had traveled our round of daily life on different sides of the earth; but the miles of sea and land which had physically separated us had been powerless to estrange our spirits. Nothing is more strange, in this mysterious complexity of impressions and events that we call human existence, than the fact that two beings, entirely cut off from all natural means of association and communion, may yet, unknown to each other, be breathing the same spiritual air and learning the same moral and intellectual lessons. Like two seeds of the same species, planted, the one in American soil, the other in English, Ethel and I had selected, by some instinct of the soul, the same elements from our different surroundings; so that now, when we met once more, we found a close and harmonious resemblance between the leaves and blossoms of our experience. What can be more touching and delightful than such a discovery? Or what more sad than to know that it came too late for us to profit by it? O Ethel, how easy it is to take the little step that separates light from darkness, happiness from misery! Remembering that we live but once,

and that the worthy enjoyments of life are so limited in number and so hard to get, it seems unjust and monstrous that one little hour of jealousy or misunderstanding should wreck the fair prospects of months and years. Why is mischief so much readier to our hand than good?

We got out at a house near the Park. I assisted Ethel to alight, and, as her hand rested on mine, the thought crossed my mind—How sweet if this were our own home that we are about to enter!—and I glanced at her face to see whether a like thought had visited her. She maintained a subdued demeanor, with an expression about the mouth and eyes of a peculiar timid gentleness, and, as it were, a sort of mental leaning upon me for support and protection. She felt, it may be, a little fear of herself, at finding herself—in more senses than one—so near to me; and, woman-like, she depended upon me to protect her against the very peril of which I was the occasion. No higher or more delicate compliment can be paid by a woman to a man; and I resolved that I would do what in me lay to deserve it. But such resolutions are the hardest in the world to keep, because the circumstance or the impulse of the moment is continually in wait to betray you. Ethel was more fascinating and lovely in this mood than in any other I had hitherto seen her in; and the misgiving, from which I could not free myself, that the man whom Fate had made her husband did not appreciate or properly cherish the gift bestowed upon him, made me warm toward her more than ever. I could scarcely have believed that such blood could flow in the sober veins of my middle age; but love knows nothing of time or age!

"I do not like this house," Susie declared, when we had been admitted by the care-taker. "It has no carpets, nor chairs, nor pictures; and the floor is dirty; and the walls are not pretty!"

"I suppose one can have these houses decorated and furnished at short notice?" Ethel asked me.

"It would not take long. There are several firms that make it their specialty."

"I have always wanted to live in a house where the colors and forms were to my taste. I don't know whether you remember that you used to think I had some taste in such

matters. Mr. Courtney, of course, doesn't care much about art, and he didn't encourage me to carry out my ideas. A business man cannot be an artist, you know."

"You, yourself, would have become an artist if—" I began; but I was approaching dangerous ground, and I stopped. "This dining-room might be done in Indian red," I remarked.—"the woodwork, that is to say. The walls would be a warm salmon color, which contrasts well with the cold blue of the china, which it is the fashion to have about nowadays. As for the furniture, antique dark oak is as safe as anything, don't you think so?"

"I should like all that," said she, moving a little nearer me, and letting her eyes wander about the room with a pleased expression, until at length they met my own. "If you could only design our decoration for us, I'm sure it would be perfect; at least, I should be satisfied. Well, and how should we . . . how ought the drawing-room to be done?"

"There is a shade of yellow that is very agreeable for drawing-rooms, and it goes very well with the dull peacock-blue which is in vogue now. Then you could get one of those bloomy Morris friezes. There is some very graceful Chippendale to be picked up in various places. And no such good furniture is made nowadays. But I am advising you too much from the artist's point of view."

"Oh, I can get other sort of advice when I want it." She looked at me with a smile; our glances met more often now than at first. "But it seems to me," she went on, "that the way the house is built does not suit the way we want to decorate it. Let us look at a smaller one. I should think ten rooms would be quite enough. And it would be nice to have a corner house, would it not?"

"If the question were only of our agreement, there would probably not be much difficulty," I said, in a tone which I tried to make merely courteous, but which may have revealed something more than courtesy beneath it.

In coming down-stairs she gathered her dress in her right hand and put her left in my arm; and then, in a flash, the picture came before me of the last time we had gone arm-in-arm together down-stairs. It was at her father's house, and she was speaking to me of that unlucky Mrs. Murray, we had our quarrel that evening in the drawing-room, and it was never

made up. From then till now, what a gulf! and yet those years would have been but a bridge to pass over, save for the one barrier that was insurmountable between us.

"What has become of that Mrs. Murray whom you used to know?" she asked, as we reached the foot of the stairs. She relinquished my arm as she spoke, and faced me.

I felt the blood come to my face. "Mrs. Murray was in my thoughts at the same moment—and perhaps by the same train of associations," I answered. "I don't know where she is now; I lost sight of her years ago—soon after you were married, in fact. Why do you ask?"

"You had not forgotten her, then?"

"I had every reason to forget her, except the one reason for which I have remembered her—and you know what that is! Have you mistrusted me all this time?"

"Oh, no—no! I don't think I really mistrusted you at all; and long ago I admitted to myself that you had acted unselfishly and honorably. But I was angry at the time; you know, sometimes a girl will be angry, even when there is no good reason for it. I have long wished for an opportunity to tell you this, for my own sake, you know, as well as for yours."

"I hardly know whether I am most glad or sorry to hear this," I said, as we moved toward the door. "If you had only been able to say it, or to think it, before . . . there would have been a great difference!"

"The worst of mistakes is, they are so seldom set right at the time, or in the way, they ought to be. Come, Susie, we are going away now. Susie, do you most like to be American or English?"

"English," replied Susie, without hesitation.

Her mother turned to me and said in a low tone,

"I love her, whichever she is?"

I understood what she meant. Susie was the symbol of that inevitable element in our lives which seems to evolve itself without reference to our desires or efforts; but which, nevertheless, when we have recognized that it is inevitable, we learn (if we are wise) to accept and even to love. Save for the estrangement between Ethel and myself, Susie would never have existed; yet there she was, a beautiful child, who had as good a right to be as either of us; and her mother loved her, and, as it

were, bade me love her also. I took the little maiden by the hand and said, "You are right, Susie; the Americans are the children of the English, and cannot expect to be so wise and comfortable as they. But you must remember that the Americans have a future before them; and we are not enemies any more. Will you be friends with me, and let me call you my little girl?"

"I shouldn't mind being your little girl, if I could still have the same mamma," was Susie's reply. "Papa is away a great deal, and you could be papa, you know, until he came back."

I made some laughing answer; but, in fact, Susie's frank analyses of the situation poignantly kindled an imagination which stood in no need of stimulus. Ah, if this were the Golden Age, when love never went astray, how happy we might be! But it is not the Golden Age—far from it! Meanwhile, I think I can assert, with a clear conscience, that no dishonorable purpose possessed me. I loved Ethel too profoundly to wish to do her wrong. Yet I may have wished—I did wish—that a kindly Providence might have seen fit to remove the disabilities that controlled us. If a wish could have removed Courtney painlessly to another world, I think I should have wished it. There was something exquisitely touching in Ethel's appearance and manner. She is as pure as any woman that ever lived; but she is a woman! and I felt that, for this day, I had a man's power over her. Occasionally I was conscious that her eyes were resting on my face; when I addressed her, her aspect softened and brightened; she fell into little moods of preoccupation, from which she would emerge with a sigh; in many ways she betrayed, without knowing it, the secret that neither of us would mention. I do not mean to imply that she expected me to mention it. A pure woman does not realize the dangers of the world; and that very fact is itself her strongest security against them. But, had I spoken, she would have responded. It was a temptation which I could hardly have believed I could have resisted as I did; but such a woman calls out all that is best and noblest in a man; and, at the time, I was better than I am!

When we were in the brougham again, I said, "If you will allow me, I will drive you to a house I have seen, which belongs to a man

with whom I am slightly acquainted. He is on the point of leaving it, but his furniture is still in it, and, as he is himself an artist and a man of taste, it will be worth your while to look at it. He is rather deaf, but that is all the better, we can express our opinions without disturbing him. Perhaps you might arrange to take house and furniture as they stand."

"Whatever you advise, I shall like to do," Ethel answered.

We presently arrived at the house, which was situated in the upper part of the town, a little to the west of Fifth avenue. It was a comely gabled edifice of red brick, with square bay-windows and a roomy porch. The occupant, Maler, a German, happened to be at home; and on my sending in my card, we were admitted at once, and he came to greet us in the hall in his usual hearty, headlong fashion.

"My good Campbell," he exclaimed, in his blundering English, "very delighted to see you. Ah, dis will be madame, and de little maid! So you are married since some time—I have not know it! Your servant, Madame Campbell. I know—all de artists know—your husband: we wish we could paint how he can—but it is impossible! Ha, ha, ha! not so! Now, I am very pleased you shall see dis house. May I beg de honor of accompany you? First you shall see de studio; dat I call de stomach of de house, eh? because it is most important of all de places, and make de rest of de places live. See, I make dat window be put in—you find no better light in New York. Den you see, here we have de alcove, where Madame Campbell shall sit and make her sewing, while de husband do his work on de easel. How you like dat portiere? I design him myself—oh, yes, I do all here; you keep dem if you like; I go to Germany, perhaps not come back after some years, so I leave dem, not so? Now I show you my little chamber of de piano. See, I make an arched ceiling—groined arch, eh?—and I gild him; so I get pretty light and pretty sound, not? Ah! madame, I have not de happiness to be married, but I make my house so, dat if I get me a wife, she find all ready; but no wife come, so I give him over to Herr Campbell and you. Now we mount up-stairs to de bedrooms, eh?"

In this way he went over the entire house

with us. His loud, jolly voice, his resounding laugh, his bustling manner, his heedless, boy-like self-confidence, and his deafness, made it impossible to get in a word of explanation, and, after a few efforts, I gave up the attempt.

"Let him suppose what he likes," I said aside to Ethel, "it can make no difference; he is going away, and you will never see him again. After all these years, it can do no great harm for us to play at being Mr. and Mrs. Campbell for an hour!"

"It is a very beautiful house," she said, tacitly accepting what I had proposed. "It is such a house as I have always dreamed of living in. I shall not care to look at any others. Will you tell him that we—that I will take it just as it stands. You have made this a very pleasant day for me—a very happy day," she added, in a lower tone. "Every room here will be associated with you. You will come here often and see me, will you not? Perhaps after all you might use the studio to paint my—or Susie's portrait in."

"I shall inflict myself upon you very often, I have no doubt," was all I ventured to reply. I could not tell her, at that moment, that we must never see each other again. She—after the manner of women—probably supposes that a man's strength is limitless; that he may do with himself and make of himself what he chooses; and she supposes that I could visit her and converse with her day after day, and yet keep my thoughts and my acts within such bounds as would enable me to take Courtney honestly by the hand. But I know too well my own weakness, and I shall leave her while yet I have power to do so. To-morrow—or soon—I will write to her, one last letter, telling her why I go.

Sudden and strange indeed has been this passionate episode in a life which, methought, had done with passion. It has lasted hardly so many hours as I have lived years; and yet, were I to live on into the next century, it would never cease to influence me in all I think and do. I cannot solve to my satisfaction this problem—why two lives should be wasted as ours have been. Courtney could have been happy with another wife, or with no wife at all, perhaps; but, for Ethel and me, there could be no happiness save in each other. But were she free to-day, the separation that has already existed—long though it has been—would only

serve to render our future union more blissful and complete. We have learned, by sad experience, the value of a love like ours, and we should know how to give it its fullest and widest expression.—But oh! what a blank and chilly road lies before us now!

I drove her back to her hotel: we hardly spoke all the way; my heart was too full, and hers also I think; though she did not know, as I did, that it was our last interview. It must be our last! Heaven help me to keep that resolution!

Susie was not at all impressed by the pathos of the situation; she babbled all the time, and thus, at all events, afforded us an excuse for our silence. At parting, one incident occurred that may as well be recorded. I had shaken hands with Ethel, speaking a few words of farewell, and allowing her to infer that we might meet again on the morrow; then I turned to Susie, and gave her the kiss which I would have given the world to have had the right to press on her mother's lips. Ethel saw, and, I think, understood. She stooped quickly down, and laid her mouth where mine had been. Through the innocent medium of the child, our hearts met; and then I saw her no more.

May 3.—Of course, it may not be true, probably it is not; mistakes are so easily made in the first moments of such horror and confusion; the dead come to life, and the living die. Or, at the worst, he may be only wounded or disabled. At all events, I decline to believe, save upon certain evidence, that the poor fellow has actually been killed. Were it to turn out so, I should feel almost like a murderer; for was not I writing, in this very journal, and perhaps at the very moment the accident occurred, that if my wish could send him to another world, I would not spare him?

Later.—I have read all the accounts in the newspapers this morning, and all agree in putting Courtney's name among the killed. There can be no doubt about it any longer; he is dead. When the collision occurred, the car in which he was riding was thrown across the track and the other train crashed through it. Judging by the condition of the body when discovered, death must have been nearly instantaneous. Poor Courtney! My conscience is not at ease. Of course, I am not really responsible; that is only imagination. But I be-

gin to suspect that my imagination has been playing me more than one trick lately.

And now, with this new state of affairs so suddenly and terribly brought about, what is to be done? I am as yet scarcely in a condition to reflect calmly; but a voice within me seems to say that something else besides my conscience has been awakened by Courtney's death. Can it be that imagination, dallying with what it took for impossibilities, could so far mislead a man? Well, I shall start at once for the scene of the disaster and relieve the poor fellow's widow of whatever pain I can. Ethel Courtney a widow! Ah, Ethel! Death sheds a ghastly light upon the idle vagaries of the human heart.

May 15.—Denver, Colorado.—Magnificent weather and scenery; very different from my own mental scenery and mood at this moment. I am sorely out of spirits; and no wonder, after the reckless and insane emotion of the first days of this month. One pays for such indulgences at my age.

I have been re-reading the foregoing pages of this journal. Was I a fool, or a coward, or was I merely intoxicated for eight-and-forty hours? At all events, Courtney's tragic end sobered me, and put what I had been doing in a true light. I am glad my insanity was not permitted to proceed farther than it did; but I have quite enough to reproach myself with as it is. So far as I have been able to explain the matter to myself, my prime error lay in attributing, in a world subject to constant change, too much permanence to a given state of affairs. The fact that Ethel was the wife of another man seemed to me so fixed and unalterable that I allowed my imagination to play with the picture of what might happen if that unalterable fact were altered. Secure in this fallacy, I worked myself up to the pitch of believing that I was actually and passionately in love with a woman whose inaccessibility was, after all, her most winning attraction. Moreover, by writing down, in this journal, the events and words of the hours we spent together, I confirmed myself in my false persuasion, and probably imported into the record of what we said and did an amount of color and hidden significance that never, as I am now convinced, belonged to it in reality. Deluded by the notion that I was playing with a fancy, I was suddenly aroused to find myself imbrued

in facts. The whole episode has profoundly humiliated me, and degraded me in my own esteem.

But I am not at the bottom of the mystery yet. Was I not in love with Ethel? Surely I was, if love is anything. Then why did I not ask her to marry me? Would she have refused me? No. That last look she gave me from under her black veil, when I told her I was going away . . . Ah, no, she would not have refused me. Then why did I hesitate? Was not such a marriage precisely what I have always longed for? During all these seven years have I not been bewailing my bachelorhood, and wishing for an Ethel to cheer my solitary fireside with her gracious presence, to be interested in my work and hopes, to interest me in her wifely and maternal ways and aspirations? And when at last all these things were offered me, why did I shrink back and reject them?

Honestly, I cannot explain it. Perhaps, if I had never loved her before, I might have loved her this time enough to unite my fate with

hers. Or, perhaps—for I may as well speak plainly, since I am speaking to myself—perhaps, by force of habit, I had grown to love, better than love itself, those self-same forlorn conditions and dreary solitudes which I was continually lamenting and praying to be delivered from. What a dismal solution of the problem this would be were it the true one! It amounts to saying that I prefer an empty room, a silent hearth, an old pair of slippers and a dressing-gown to the love and companionship of a refined and beautiful woman! that I love even my own discomforts more than the comfort she would give me! It sounds absurd, scandalous, impossible; and yet, if it be not the literal truth, I know not what the truth is. It is amazing that an educated and intelligent man can live to be forty years old and still have come to no better an understanding of himself than I had. Verily, as my old author said, thought is free, but nature is captive, and loveth her chain. Yes, my old author was right.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

TO RICHARD HENGIST HORNE.

AFTER READING HIS COSMO DE' MEDICI.

Greatest of Poets, Horne, save only One,
 If he, indeed, be greater—Who is he,
 Thy more than Father, O thou Princeliest Son!
 Who followest him as the full Moon the Sea—
 Shakespeare! Or is the Soul of Marlowe thine?
 Whose death thou singest so grandly, poor, dear Kit!
 Mightier than his thy sinewy, Saxon line,
 Besides thou hast what he had not,—hast wit.
 Cousin of Richard of the Lion Heart—
 Haught Hengist's crest on waves of battle borne
 Floats over thy cavernous eyes whence lightnings dart,
 To prevent the blast of dying Roland's horn!
 Genius of Faust restored, or Tamburlaine,—
 Imperious Cosmo's more than mortal pain!

—RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE DESCENDANTS OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

SOME weeks ago a middle-aged man residing in Paris took it into his head to have a placard posted one night on all the dead walls of that city. He had neither wealth nor character, nor position in either the civil or military service. He was not the leader of a party nor the chief of a sect. He was respected by none and beloved by hardly anyone. In a word, he was almost wholly without influence or following. Hence, it might reasonably have been supposed that his placard, no matter what it contained, would excite but little attention.

Contrary to all reasonable expectation the placard made a great stir. He who caused it to be affixed to the dead walls happens to have had two relatives—an uncle and a cousin—who had been rulers of France with the title of emperor, and he himself is known as Prince Napoleon. The French government not only promptly clapped him into prison—which was all right if he had disobeyed the law—but seemed to be for a time in a state of consternation. The simple piece of paper appeared to excite almost as much alarm as if war were impending with some powerful neighbor. It was proposed to order Prince Napoleon to leave France, and not only him, but certain other persons residing in that country, who knew nothing of, and had not the least sympathy with, his act; who were not suspected of the slightest breach of the law, and who, so far as is known, are in all respects worthy citizens of the Republic. These other persons are the descendants of Louis Philippe. The only crime with which they can be charged is that their ancestors have been kings of France, the last of those ancestors having ceased to reign more than thirty-five years ago.

In our fortunate position in the United States, the proposed banishment would have very much the appearance of visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children. But France has causes for disquietude from which we are happily exempt. In the centralized authority of her rulers and her large standing army she has a perpetual menace to a republican form of gov-

ernment. In these days of telegraphs, more than ever, he who is master of Paris is master of all France. And if such master can rely on the army, who can resist him?

The upshot of the business was that those of Louis Philippe's descendants who were in the military service, were placed on the retired list. But the narrow escape from banishment made by all of those descendants now living in France, drew the attention of the world once more to the long series of misfortunes which this family has had to undergo. Their case might easily, even with those who are not superstitious, encourage the old Greek idea, that there are some families who, without any fault of their own, are pursued by misfortune relentlessly. And surely what has befallen the descendants of Louis Philippe during the last half century, ought to disabuse the popular mind of the notion that titles and wealth—especially the latter—in abundance, bestow on their possessors felicity. The Orleans family has had for a long time past, titles without end and immense wealth, and yet the members of that family, with few exceptions, have had to endure that for which titles and wealth afford little consolation.

Louis Philippe himself, during his long life of nearly fourscore, was the sport of fortune. His father's head was cut off by the guillotine, and he escaped the same fate only by concealing himself. Born and reared in a palace, he was reduced to such poverty, that in New York he was indebted to the kindness of one of its citizens for a pair of shoes. When he dared to return to Europe, the two beloved brothers who were the companions of his exile, died in quick succession of consumption. After a score of years he was able to live again in his native country. But it soon became too hot for him and he had to leave it. Elected king in 1830, his reign of eighteen years was one series of troubles, of which not the least was a constant apprehension of assassination, he having again and again escaped, as if by a miracle, the attempts made on his life. Of his

children. the two whom he loved the best preceded him to the tomb. And his kingship vanished all at once, as though it were a dream, while he, a fugitive in disguise, was glad to find a refuge in the England which had shel-



THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.
From a recent photograph.

tered him before, and which, not long after his downfall, gave him a grave.

When Louis Philippe became King of the French, he had three daughters and five sons. His eldest daughter, Louise, within a brief period after his accession was married to Leopold, King of the Belgians, the brand-new king of a brand-new kingdom. She escaped many of the ills which befell her brothers and sisters; but one of her children is a melancholy monument of woe. Her eldest son, the present King of the Belgians, has been in some respects a fortunate man, though the loss of his only son was a bitter drop to swallow. Yet bitterer far is the condition of his only sister, still in the prime of life and likely to live for years to come a hopeless lunatic. This hapless lady, Carlotta, ex-empress of Mexico, bears a name coupled with the saddest recollections. She was named after her father's first wife, Charlotte, the only child of George the Fourth, whose childhood was made miserable by the quarrels of her parents, and who died, after a brief year of wedded happiness, in her twenty-first year. Carlotta has been spared the knowledge of the untimely taking off of her husband in Mexico. But his fate was more enviable than hers. He lost his throne and life, but she has lost her reason,

and remains the most pitiable of the unfortunate family of Orleans.

Of Louis Philippe's two younger daughters, one, Marie, the most gifted of his children, died of consumption at the age of twenty-six. To the other, Clementine, were allotted length of years and comparative freedom from the woes which most of the other members of her family have had to bear.

The five sons of Louis Philippe—to name them in the order of their birth—were the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Nemours, the Prince of Joinville, the Duke of Aumale, the Duke of Montpensier. These are but a few of the numerous titles which in the course of years have been accumulated in the Orleans family, since the time when the only brother of Louis XIV. was created Duke of Orleans.

In the eldest son of Louis Philippe all the father's hopes of the continuance of his monarchy were centred. Amiable, conscientious and accomplished, the young duke was a favorite with both high and low. One day in 1842 the horses of a carriage in which he was riding ran away, and he, with a foolishness not uncommon in like cases, jumped from the vehicle. His skull was fractured, and in a few



CARLOTTA.
From a photograph.

hours he ceased to breathe. His death was justly regarded as a national calamity.

The two sons he left, the Count of Paris and the Duke of Chartres, were the chief comfort of their grandfather in this severe trial. To

train the elder of these boys to take the place for which his father was destined, was then the object nearest to Louis Philippe's heart. In



THE COUNT OF PARIS.

From a recent photograph.

less than six years, however, the two lads were compelled to leave France, and for more than twenty years were not allowed to set foot on its soil. During this long exile they were glad to keep themselves before the world by taking service in the army of the United States, and, as members of the staff of General McClellan, were found modest and faithful in the discharge of their duties. The Count of Paris is studious, and a man of deep thought and reflection. He has written a history of our Civil War, and now, in his forty-fourth year, is robust both physically and mentally. The hardships of his youth, his travels in the East, and his stay in

England and America have broadened his ideas. He married, while in exile, his first cousin, the elder daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, and has children, of whom the eldest bears the title of Duke of Orleans.

The Duke of Chartres has a title which Louis Philippe bore with distinction when, in his nineteenth year, he displayed much courage at the battle of Valmy. The present duke has strong military tastes, and his career as a soldier does him honor. Like his brother, the Count of Paris, he is an author, and has published some interesting pages on military questions. He is one of those who have suffered by the rhodomontade of Prince Napoleon, having been placed on the retired list, though only in his forty-third year. He married his cousin, the only daughter of the Prince of Joinville, and has two sons and two daughters.

The Duke of Nemours, the second son of Louis Philippe, had the reputation in his youth of being inordinately proud. The winter before the revolution that dethroned his father, there was opened at Paris a Jardin d'Hiver, which immediately became a great popular resort. The story ran that one day when the place was filled with people, the proprietor was told that Nemours was in his carriage at the door and desired to see him. The proprietor



THE COUNTESS OF PARIS.

From a recent photograph.

hastened to pay his respects to the king's son, who expressed an intention of entering the garden then. Thanks were returned for the offered honor, but the duke did not leave his

carriage. Directly, he intimated to the astonished proprietor that all the people then in the place must be told to go away, in order that his highness might not be subjected to contact with them. When this request was refused, the duke drove away in a huff. But if he was proud, he was also brave. On the day of his father's abdication, he took command of the troops in the court of the Tuileries, all of whom continued faithful to the king, and remained exposed until the safe departure of all the members of his family was assured. By that time he was in danger himself, and it was only by hiding himself for several days, that he got out of France alive. In the first years of his long exile he had the consolation of domestic happiness, having married a cousin of Prince Albert and Queen Victoria. But his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, died suddenly in 1857. Two sons and a daughter remain as the solace of his old age, for he is nearly seventy. The eldest son is known as the Count of Eu, the younger as the Duke of Alençon. The latter, now in his thirty-ninth year, during his exile, served with the Spanish army in the Philippine Islands. One fruit of his stay there was a volume giving an interesting account both of the Islands and of the expedition in which he took part. Married, with a son and daughter, he was doing his duty faithfully in



NEMOURS.

From a recent photograph.

the army, when the act of Prince Napoleon, caused him to be placed, like his cousin Chartres, and his uncle Aumale, on the retired list.

The title of the Prince of Joinville, the third of Louis Philippe's sons, has interesting literary associations. It comes down from Jean



ALENÇON.

From a recent photograph.

de Joinville, who died in 1319, at the great age of ninety-six, and is the second great writer of history in Old French, occupying the interval between Villehardouin and Froissart. He took part in the Crusades as a follower of St. Louis, whose deeds he chronicled. His gossiping book is amusing by its candor in regard to the writer of it. He takes no pains to conceal how like a poltroon he acted on various occasions, and how terribly afraid he was in battle. His fief passed by marriage through the Lorraines to the Guises, and so to the Orleans. It may be remarked that the same family also inherited the property of Comines, the fourth of the old historians of France. While the mon-

archy of July lasted, the young Prince of Joinville was a favorite with all classes. Overflowing with animal spirits, his jokes and freaks were constantly quoted. When very young he



JOINVILLE.

From a recent photograph.

entered the French navy and served with distinction at the siege of the fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, at Vera Cruz, and at Mogadore, in Morocco. He was given the command of a frigate, *La Belle Poule*, in which he conveyed from St. Helena to France the body of Napoleon. He is well known in the United States, especially in New York, which he has several



CHARTRES.

From a recent photograph.

times visited, and where he has intimate friends. In 1861 he accompanied his nephews Paris and Chartres to this country, and a year or two later placed in the United States Naval

School, then at Newport, his only son, the Duke of Penthièvre. He married the sister of our good friend Dom Pedro, the present Emperor of Brazil, and has two children, Penthièvre and the wife of the Duke of Chartres.

Penthièvre, now in his thirty-eighth year, after completing his naval education in this country, took service in the Portuguese navy, and for two years or more served in various parts of the world. On his return to France after his long exile, he became lieutenant in the French navy, and now holds that rank. Whether it is that the duke's character inspires confidence, or that naval officers are in France deemed more trustworthy than army officers, the freak of Prince Napoleon has not harmed the son of Joinville.



PENTHIVÈRE.

From a recent photograph.

Both by his career and his personal qualities the Duke of Aumale is much the most interesting figure among the sons of Louis Philippe. He is also the richest of the family, having inherited the vast wealth of the Condés.

In speaking of the Prince of Condé one cannot help recalling the words of Chief-Justice Crewe, who, when delivering judgment in the famous case of the Earl of Oxford, in the time of Charles the First, paused for a moment to moralize on the mutability of all earthly things. "There must be an end of honors, of dignities, and of whatsoever is terrene. Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer?—Nay, what is more and most of all, where is Plantagenet? Inurned in the tombs and sepulchres of mortality." The Condés, a younger branch of the

House of Bourbon, held a lofty place in French society for nearly three hundred years. The most distinguished member of the family was Henry, known as Condé the Great. This extraordinary man, at the age of twenty-two, gained at Rocroy one of the most brilliant victories in French military history. The Spaniards had, to all appearances, won the day, and the French troops were supposed to be beaten past recovery, when Condé, by a masterly piece of tactics, aided by his own reckless courage, snatched victory from the very jaws of defeat. For

thirty years thereafter he was a prominent figure in all the political troubles of the troubled time in which he lived. Dissolute and unscrupulous, ruthless and savage, he was said by one who knew him well to be the hardest-hearted man in France. His bad life did not prevent Bourdaloue from attending him on his deathbed, nor Bossuet from pronouncing over his remains a glowing funeral panegyric. At Chantilly this Condé built two splendid residences, known respectively as Le Grand Château and Le Petit Château. The former, where Vatel, the cook, killed himself, because something went wrong with a dinner he had prepared for Louis

XIV., was destroyed during the Revolution. But the latter still stands, and is one of the finest pieces of architecture in France. The last Prince of Condé was the father of that unfortunate Duke of Enghien whose murder, after a mock trial, is an inefaceable stain on the character of the first Napoleon. This last Condé, a childless old man, had a mistress, the Baroness de Feuchères, who persuaded him to bequeath his vast fortune to Louis Philippe's fourth son. Accordingly, in 1829, a will was made by Condé making Aumale, then seven years old, his sole heir.

In August, 1830, Condé was found strangled in his bed. It was declared, as the result of a judicial investigation, that he had committed suicide. If so, the suicide was very opportune; for Condé, after the revolution of July, 1830, had declared his intention of altering his will and leaving all his property to the deposed king, Charles the Tenth.

Aumale distinguished himself in Algeria. He captured the encampment of Abd-el-Kader, and the feat is commemorated in an immense picture by Horace Vernet, filling all one side

of one of the largest rooms at Versailles. As Governor of Algeria he received, in 1847, the surrender of Abd-el-Kader. He is the most accomplished of the sons of Louis Philippe. A skillful horseman and indefatigable sportsman, he is also a brilliant talker, an artist, and a writer of no little merit. He is the author of a history of the Princes of Condé and a member of the French Academy. Since his return to France, he has lived at Chantilly in sumptuous style, amusing his leisure with making collections of various kinds. His collection of pictures is of world-wide renown. Masterpieces of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and French schools



AUMALE.

From a recent photograph.

adorn his walls. Enamels of Petitot and Limousin, exquisite miniatures, priceless manuscripts, autographs of Francis I., Rabelais, Montaigne, Brantôme, Corneille, Racine and many others of distinction, and a library of rare books in costly bindings, are among the treasures of Chantilly, where also is a magnificent collection of relics relating to the career of the Great Condé, among them the famous flag of the Royal-Liegeois regiment, captured at the battle of Rocroy. Aumale held rank in the army, but as a result of the *escape* of Prince Napoleon, has, like his

nephews, been placed on the retired list. Yet this is but a petty misfortune compared with some of the hard blows he has undergone. For he has had to endure what some will re-



MONTPENSIER.

From a recent photograph.

gard as one of the greatest of human calamities—the calamity of having to follow to the grave all those who in the course of nature should have followed him :

While he, reversed our nature's kindlier doom,
Poured out a father's sorrows o'er their tomb.

He has had but two children, the Prince of Condé and the Duke of Guise. They were, according to all accounts, sons to be proud of, and possessed of all the qualities that the fondest parent could desire. The elder, the Prince of Condé, died in 1866, in his 21st year. Three years later died the Duchess of Aumale, and in 1872, the Duke of Guise, in his 19th year, was laid beside his mother and brother. Every man who has affectionate sons, to whom he looks to perpetuate his name and be the staff of his old age, will find it easy to believe that the childless widower would gladly give all his wealth and splendor to have back his dead boys.

The youngest son of Louis Philippe, the Duke of Montpensier, resembles his father greatly in manner, gesture, and even voice. Like his brothers, he received a military education, and served with distinction in Africa. He married, in 1846, the sister of Queen Isabella, and his marriage made a great commotion. Louis Philippe, in making the match, was charged by the English government with a breach of faith, it being supposed at the time that the result would

be that Montpensier or one of his children would sit on the throne of Spain. And there can be little doubt that the cunning king of the French thought he had contrived matters so cleverly that, sooner or later, one of his family would reign at Madrid. Blind, like all of us, to the future, the king little dreamed that in less than two years thereafter, he would think himself fortunate to get out of France alive. His calculations, it is pretty certain, were, that these Spanish marriages would fulfill the anticipations of Louis XIV., that the Pyrenees, as a dividing line between two separate kingdoms, would practically exist no more. But these calculations have been altogether disappointed, although for a brief period, and thirty years after the marriage of the duke, they were in a slight measure fulfilled. When, after an interval of republican government, Alfonso, the son of Isabella, became King of Spain, he fell in love with his cousin, Mercedes, the duke's third daughter. In January, 1878, they were married. The young bride charmed everyone with her grace and beauty, and long years of happiness appeared to stretch before her. But in less than five months she fell ill, and died on the 26th of June, 1878, two days after she had completed her eighteenth year. Beside such



MERCEDES.

From a photograph taken a month before her marriage.

an open grave what could have been more fitly uttered than the thought of Sophocles, in the words of Burke: "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

MARGARET AND LUCILLE.

AT the Lord Warden Hotel in Dover we found Jean Vallot, a Swiss courier, who had spent his life in the service of travelers between England and Italy, and who accompanied us during a tour of several months in western Europe. He was at least sixty years of age, though still alert and vigorous; and in his manners there was that deference to his employers and that arrogance to innkeepers and servants which characterized the couriers of the last generation, whose office was far more important than is theirs of this day of railways and multiplied facilities for travel. How imperious he was when he dared! He never allowed anyone else to assist us in and out of cars and carriages; he pushed aside the waiters at the hotel tables that he alone might attend us; he had a genius for *soufflets* and other delicate dishes, and often surprised us by bringing them in with the dessert, replying to our praises, "Yes, it is very good—I made it myself,"—as if that fact would account for any excellence. He was scrupulously polite in his salutations, yet if the least unusual service was required of him, or if his advice as to routes and conveyances was not taken, his frigid air and frowning brow and compressed lips showed selfishness and a stubborn will, and, while strictly proper in demeanor, he had, when he pleased, the faculty of making one thoroughly uncomfortable.

All we ever learned, from him, of his history, was what he told us one evening at St. Martin's, on the road from Geneva to Chamouni. It was a wild night and we were the only guests at the inn. The rain beat upon the roof and the wind howled dismally through the valley, making human companionship and sympathy grateful to the heart. By a blazing wood-fire we were forgetting the chill and fatigue of the day, when I noticed that Jean, who stood in a recess waiting for his morning orders, was intently perusing a letter. It was the first indication we had seen that he had any interest beyond himself, and I said:

"You have a letter, Jean; I hope it brings you good news."

"Neither good nor bad, mademoiselle: it is from my girls."

"Your girls! Where are they? and how old are they? and what are their names? Pray sit down and tell us all about them."

"There is not much to tell," he replied, as with a respectful bow he took the proffered chair. "They are Margaret and Lucille, fifteen and eleven years old, and I have them at a small *pension* near Bruxelles."

"And where is their mother?"

"She is dead these five years."

"Poor girls! that is sad."

"Yes, and no, mademoiselle. She was a good woman, but always ailing. If she had lived I could not have paid the doctor and a servant and kept the children at the *pension* too. Now I hope they will soon be able to do something for themselves."

"Was your wife from your own country?"

"O, no; from England. Perhaps a Swiss woman would have been stronger, and made me less of trouble; but Margaret Dane was a pretty girl and very good-tempered, and seemed healthy enough in those days. She was Lady Vernon's maid, and I was their courier through a long journey. One Sunday an accident kept us at a dull little town in Bavaria, and whether I had taken a glass too much of beer, or how it was, I never can explain; but I lost my head and asked her to marry me. I was forty and she only twenty-one. It was a great mistake. She had lived at the Hall and was used to comfort, and I had done very well alone; but, as I said, she was always ailing, and she brought me five children; only two of them, however—*Dieu merci!*—survived their first year. I had no particular fault to find with her; I suppose she did as well as she could; but it would have been far better if she had remained a lady's-maid and I a bachelor."

"If this was your feeling, Jean, it is not strange that she was 'always ailing,' and has been five years dead. She must have been very unhappy."

"I dare say she was, but I couldn't help it. I was unhappy myself. And that's the way

with half the people in my station, if they would only speak their thoughts. The truth is, mademoiselle, no man should marry who hasn't plenty of money. There was my friend Louis Meyer, at Bruxelles—he was getting on capitally—had engagements with the best parties and a thousand francs laid by, when he must needs marry a young *gouvernante*—English, too—and now he is far more unfortunate than I am. I saw him when we were there, and he told me he had been obliged to give up traveling, and was then acting merely as *valet de place*, picking up what he could here and there, with an occasional evening's waiting when there were festivities at the court. And why? Because he has ten children, eight of them daughters, and one of the eight a cripple—think of that! The eldest girl, just thirteen, he has apprenticed to a hair-dresser; the next two will soon begin the lace-making; but still there are five, and one of them will never walk. *Juste ciel!*"

"Yet he surely has some pleasure with his family?"

"Pleasure!"—with a shrug of the shoulders, "it isn't pleasure he is looking for, but bread!"

"But his case is an unusual one."

"*Ma foi!* no. There was Maurice Hahn, of Strasbourg, who had always been a very prudent man, only rather given to foolish sentiment—liked his room hung round with bits of pictures, and never forgot mass. He had saved so much that he hoped, another year, to take a small inn on one of the boulevards and begin business for himself. What did he do but marry a widow he found at the "Adler," in Trieste, an Austrian, with two boys and not a son; and ail because he fancied she looked like the Dresden Madonna! He has never come back; a wiser man rented the "Lion d'or;" some one saw him lately among the waiters at the "Adler;" and you may be certain that by this time he wishes he had been content to admire the widow at a distance, as we do the saints in the churches. The only one of my set I ever knew better himself by marrying was Henri Cailler, from my own village near Geneva. His wife was from Rouen, but had kept lodgings in London for twelve years. She was older than he, and anything but handsome; but she had laid by a good bit of money, and she made a comfortable home for him between his journeys. I speak the

truth, mademoiselle; only the rich can afford to marry."

"But you wouldn't be without your daughters?"

"No, perhaps not, now I have them. I am attached to them, certainly, and shall do what I can for them, but that is little. I am getting old. They must soon shift for themselves, for they have no relatives to depend on, and of course their lot will be hard. Boys might get on; but girls—bah! So you see it all comes to this, that it would have been better for them and for me if they had never been born."

Just then Jean was summoned to the hall, and with his parting bow he said,

"Pardon my speaking so much. If I had been wiser I should have had a different story to tell."

A profound melancholy came over me at this revelation of life—this cold, calculating view which sacrificed heart and soul to material interests; and I said to myself, is it the normal effect of high civilization to create a class whose tastes, nay, whose necessities can be satisfied only at the expense of the deepest and purest instincts of our nature?—and at intervals through the night I woke to hear above the howling of the wind and the beating of the rain, Jean's satirical cry, "Pleasure! It isn't pleasure he is looking for, but bread!"

Morning rose calm and fair. Mont Blanc leaned white against the azure sky. The swollen Arve flashed in the sun and all the world seemed made for joy. We were early on our way, but Jean had relapsed into his usual taciturnity, and never again while with us did he allude to his children. He was faithful in his capacity, but unfitted for Eastern travel; and, two months later, wishing him well and sending some slight gifts to his daughters, we left him at Naples, and took a new man in his place for Egypt.

A year passed, crowded with new scenes and people, when we returned to England and went to the Charing Cross Hotel, in London, for a little rest before the homeward voyage. There we found an American friend, Mr. Lev-eridge, of Illinois, who had been traveling for six months with a party from St. Louis, and who was to sail for New York in the Scotia the ensuing Saturday. He was a Kentuckian by birth, but had gone early to Illinois, and there added acre to acre till his estates sur-

passed those of many a dukedom. Genial and unpretending, his warm heart and manliness and generosity made him everywhere loved and respected, and life had gone smoothly with him till the previous winter, when he had lost his only daughter, an amiable girl, in her seventeenth year. He was inconsolable. He could neither attend to business nor welcome his friends; and his wife, a sensible, motherly woman, alarmed at his condition, persuaded him to join this party from St. Louis for a tour abroad. He had no enthusiasm, however, for travel. "I would rather see a good field of wheat or corn," he would say, "than all the ruins in Europe. Everything is so old and contracted and formal here, and the mass of the people have to struggle so for mere existence that it depresses me. I shall be glad to get home where there's room and liberty." But, nevertheless, new scenes and cheerful company had broken up the sad routine of his thoughts, and he now seemed quite himself again, except when some allusion was made to his daughter.

It was Monday morning of the week he was to sail. He had dropped in to see us, and we were looking over some American newspapers, when a servant came to say that Margaret Vallot, a young girl who said we had known her father, begged to speak with us.

"It must be Jean's daughter!" we exclaimed. "Bring her up at once."

A moment, and a slight figure entered timidly and a soft voice said:

"Pardon me, if I intrude. I had heard so much of you all from my father that when I saw your names among the arrivals here I could not help coming."

"We are glad to see you. Take this chair by the window, and tell us about him and yourself."

"Alas!" she replied, bursting into tears, "I have no longer a father! After he left you he came to see Lucille and me, and stayed several days with us, and gave us the presents you were so kind to send, and told us much of you. We had always been afraid of him, but now he was so pleasant that it almost seemed as if dear mamma had come back. He kissed us when he went away, and wrote us such a good letter from Martigny that we thought he did love us, after all, and that perhaps some day we might live together and be happy.

The next news we had was that he was dead! Crossing the Alps with his party, he was thrown from a carriage and so badly hurt that they took him on a litter to the nearest inn, and there, after three weeks, he died. It was Karl Voigt, a friend of his, who took care of him and saw him buried. He had been to Rome with some travelers, and was at the inn on his way back when the accident happened. He would not write to us, but as soon as he could he came to see us and told us all, and brought us what things our father left, and the little money that remained when his bills were paid, and with him we came to London."

* We were shocked by this sad intelligence, and expressed our warmest sympathy for the orphans. Hard, well-meaning man—the time had soon come when his "girls" must "shift for themselves."

Margaret had spoken rapidly and with many sobs, but now she sat, quiet, with her hands folded on her lap, in the full morning light, and I observed her closely to see what manner of girl she was;—of medium height and slender, with brown eyes, and hair of the same color coiled low in her neck—her face a little like her father's in outline, but delicate and sweet where his was heavy and grim—not beautiful, but very winning, and with an appealing look that went straight to the heart and made one long to shield her from harm. Her black dress was of the simplest fashion and most inexpensive material, but there was a dainty grace in its arrangement—the carelessly knotted fichu, the collar just showing at the throat, the drooping hat—rarely seen in the attire of an English girl of any rank, and which she had brought with her across the Channel.

"And what friends have you in London?" we asked at length.

"Only Aunt Mary, mamma's sister, who is a widow and lives in two rooms at No. 12 Horton street. We could live cheaper on the Continent, and so have never been in England till now; but mamma was very fond of her own country, and told us much about it, and always liked us to speak English; I remember how she cried once when some one brought her a pot of daisies from Thorby, her old home—oh, we were very happy as long as we had her!"

"Is your Aunt Mary like her?"

"In some ways she is, and she is most kind to us; but she supports herself by sewing, and is not strong, so I am unwilling to burden her in the least. We have nothing to depend on but the few shillings we get from the Couriers' Society, of which our father was a member, and must do something at once. I am trying to get a place as nursery governess, and Aunt Mary thinks Lucille can go into Madame Beck's establishment in Oxford street and learn dress-making. But I don't wish her to do that. She is not like me; she is light-hearted and pretty; I have kept trouble from her all I could, and it would distress me to see her getting pale and thin like many of the girls I meet going to and from their work there. I have heard much of America. Do you think if we were there we could do any better than we can here? I can sew nicely, and read and speak French and German, and I am sure I could get on well with children; but for a month I have been looking in vain for a situation, and I sometimes think there is no place for us in London."

Mr. Leveridge had let his paper fall when Margaret entered, and had hardly taken his eyes from her while she spoke. He was sitting near me, and now he leaned over and asked if I would not like to see her aunt and sister, and if I would go to their house with him in the afternoon. I readily assented, and turning to Margaret he said:

"We would like to see your friends, Miss Margaret, and if you will allow us we will call upon you this afternoon."

"You will do us great honor, sir," she replied, blushing; then looking at a silver watch in her belt which we had seen her father carry, she added, "I have an advertisement to answer at eleven o'clock, but I shall be back by one, and very grateful for a visit;" and dropping a curtsey she slipped away.

As she went out Mr. Leveridge rose and walked for a minute hurriedly up and down the room; then in a voice trembling with emotion he exclaimed,

"I have never seen anyone so much like my Anne! — the same height — the same brown hair and eyes, and quiet ways. And to think of her alone and friendless in this great city, with her young sister on her hands—it goes to my heart, it goes to my heart! Work? It is cheer, and good living, and fresh air she needs. If I had her at Oak Bluff she should soon be

rosy and merry. Let me see, it is now eleven; I must go to my banker's, but at two I will come for you, and we will find Horton street."

With one breath we said as he shut the door, "Oh, if he would only carry them back with him! What a blessed deed to snatch these two young things from this whirlpool where so many like them go down, and set them in the safety of a loving American home!"

Mr. Leveridge was punctual to his engagement, and with a little trouble we found Horton street, which proved to be almost a lane in an obscure part of the city. Margaret was evidently watching for us, for she met us at the door, looking yet more attractive now that her shining hair was uncovered, and her figure seen in all its slenderness. We followed her to a bare but neat room at the back of the house, where she introduced her aunt, a fair-complexioned, gentle, worn-looking woman, and her sister Lucille, a blue-eyed girl with flaxen curls, small for her years, and looking as if she had always been somebody's darling, and knew nothing of the rough world. Similarly attired she stood by Margaret's side with an innocent, clinging air, as if her sister's four years more of life entitled her to be in all things protector and guide.

With his genial kindness Mr. Leveridge put them at once at ease. He told them of his daughter, and of Margaret's striking resemblance to her, and in answer to some inquiry of theirs about America he described his home in Illinois, while they listened as to a magic tale; in the most tactful way he drew from them many details of their family life and circumstances; Margaret brought out a tiny picture of her mother—another Lucille—to show him; Mrs. Mason would have him see the needlework the two had done at the *pension*. Altogether an hour passed with charming quickness, and when we left he said to their aunt:

"You see what interest I take in your nieces. It may be I shall be able to find them situations; at any rate you must do nothing till you hear from me again;" and as he turned away leaving them in delightful wonder and expectation, I lingered to tell them how good and sincere a man he was, and how amply able to do any kindness his heart suggested.

"*I have made up my mind*," he said gravely when we reached the carriage, "and I am sure

it is what Anne would have me do if she could speak to me. Unless I find something against it I shall take Margaret and her sister back with me, provided they will go, and care for them as my own. I never could quite understand how I came to be persuaded to leave home for six months here, but now I believe it was so ordered that I might find these girls! As soon as I leave you at the hotel I am going to have a talk with Carl Voigt, who I hear is a truthful, good man, and I shall take the first train to-morrow for Thorby—it is only two hours' ride—to see Mr. Wickham, the old clergyman of whom Mrs. Mason spoke. I shan't see you again till my return, when I will tell you the result;" and he relapsed into a thoughtful silence, which was not broken on his part till we gained the courtyard, from whence I hastened up-stairs to give my friends an account of our visit, and he departed in search of the courier.

We heard nothing further till the evening of Tuesday, when he entered with a joyful face and throwing himself into a chair exclaimed:

"It's all right! I'm too tired, and it's too late to go to Horton street to-night, but in the morning I shall settle the matter without delay. It would have made you cry to hear Carl Voigt describe the bitter grief and the absolute uncertainty as to their fate of these two children when he told them of their father's death. Clasped in each other's arms they wept for a time without control, when suddenly Margaret raised her head and whispered, "Lucille, God will be our father. We must trust in Him;" and from that time she was composed, and soothed her sister, and listened attentively to all he had to tell or suggest. The people in the house were much attached to them, but unable to help them, and all they could do, for the time, was to come to their aunt. He said he pitied them so that if it hadn't been for wronging his own children, whom he can barely support, he would have offered them a home with him. It seems their father had a brother who now lives in Lucerne, but the two had some disagreement and consequent unfriendliness, and the girls know nothing of their uncle."

"And did you go to Thorby?"

"By the first train this morning. It's as nice a bit of English country as I have seen—looks as if it had been finished a thousand years.

Rev. Mr. Wickham proved to be just what he was represented, a kindly gentleman who has spent his life in the parish and knows it to the smallest particular. When he learned my errand he had so much to tell, and so many questions to ask about America, that I could hardly get away—he is old now, and doesn't go beyond his garden, and a visitor from the prairies was a novelty.

"The substance of the information he gave me is this: The Danes belonged to the respectable yeomanry of the district, and were upright, amiable people. For two generations, however, from one cause and another, their means had been growing less, until, in the present one, the two daughters—there was no son—had to enter the ranks of what he called 'upper servants.' Mary married Charles Mason, a London clerk, a native of Thorby, who soon left her a widow. Margaret, he said, was the prettiest girl in the parish, and might have wedded more than one worthy, substantial farmer; but, unaccountable to him, she preferred the Swiss courier she met when travelling as Lady Vernon's maid on the Continent—never came home, and he feared had a hard life of it. He said he had felt great compassion for her orphan children, and was rejoiced at what I proposed to do. I should have told you that in addition to the line Mrs. Mason gave me on Monday when I expressed a desire to call on him, I took a letter of introduction to him from my banker, so he knew I was no imposter. His last words to me were: "May God reward you. I never saw Vallot, but if these girls are anything like their mother, you will not regret befriending them."

"So it's settled," he concluded, striking his hands together—a favorite gesture with him when he wished to be emphatic, "and as I said yesterday, I know now why I came to Europe. I've had more pleasure these two days than in the whole year gone. Since I came back I have written and mailed a letter to my wife for to-morrow's steamer telling her what I have in view, so that she and Tom may not be too much surprised; and telegraphed to Liverpool for an extra berth, for of course I shall give up my state-room to the girls. In the morning I shall have them over here to stay till we leave. Now I must bid you good-night, for I'm as tired as if I'd been riding all day over my farm."

"Great-hearted Illinoisian!" I murmured after him as he shut the door, "you are a noble representative of the prairie kingdom, and may you reap a bountiful harvest for your generous sowing!"

Few ceremonies were necessary for the removal of these almost friendless orphans. At eight o'clock the next morning I saw Mr. Leveridge drive away from the hotel, and before noon he returned bringing them and their aunt. "Here are my girls!" he cried as he ushered them in. Mrs. Mason came forward like one in a dream. "I am very thankful for the children's sake," she said, "but I am so put about and overcome by it all, that I can hardly believe what has happened. If you could know how anxious I have been for them!"—and Margaret, soft-voiced Margaret, holding her sister by the hand said with tearful eyes, "How strangely this has come to pass! After I sent up my name to you Monday morning I was frightened at what I had done, and thought you would think me bold and intrusive. Now what friends it has gained us! God must have guided me." She was quiet, trustful, and almost awed by their good fortune, while Lucille looked simply happy and expectant.

There was surely no busier man in London than Mr. Leveridge for that and the succeeding day;—consulting with Mrs. Mason as to the wardrobe of her nieces, and going with them to purchase what was required; "Never mind gowns and bonnets," I heard him say; "we can get plenty better in New York or Chicago; all we want now is comfort on the way;" ordering warm wraps for the voyage, and trunks for packing their old and new belongings; taking no end of trouble about a suitable cage for a canary some one at the *pension* had given Lucille, and which she was unwilling to leave behind; advising and aiding Mrs. Mason in her own small affairs; bringing good Carl Voigt over for a farewell dinner with his young friends and sending him home with substantial gifts for his children—these and a score of things besides filled up every moment of the time till Friday morning, when he took the sisters on board the express train for Liverpool. It was a hurried, hopeful parting. We all cried, and all laughed, and all said, "God bless you!" and thus they rolled away to their new life in a new land;—and I, as I went

back to the hotel, under the great vault of the Charing Cross Station, said to myself,

"For its many a dark and a wild, cloudy morning,
Turns out, ere the noontime, a sunshiny day."

When we reached New York, two months later, we found a letter from Mr. Leveridge, telling of their prosperous journey, and how kindly the girls had taken to their new home, and what constant satisfaction he had in their presence and companionship. "Margaret," he wrote, "already interests herself in everything about the place, and all who see her speak of her resemblance to Anne; Lucille is as merry as a mocking-bird, and my wife and Tom are getting so much attached to them both that I tell them I shall soon be of no account in the house." Inclosed was a note from Margaret, couched in terms of religious gratitude for the bountiful home and the tender love and care she and her sister had found. "What can we ever do to repay these generous friends?" she asked; "I could not have believed there was such a delightful spot on earth as Oak Bluff."

Two or three years passed with an occasional letter of similar purport, when I met at the sea-shore a neighbor of theirs, a Mrs. Benton, whom I had formerly known. After a brief talk about our Oak Bluff friends, she said:

"Of course, you have heard the news?"

"No. What is it?"

"Margaret is to be married in October to Tom Leveridge, the only son, you know, and as fine a young fellow as there is in the county. His father is greatly pleased, and is building them a charming house on the river just above his own, and she is to have an aunt of hers from England, her mother's sister, to live with her. But this isn't all. Pretty Lucille, as tall now as her sister, and at school in Bloomington, has, they say, captivated Tom's cousin, Fred Harris, a member of one of the best law-firms in St. Louis, and is already engaged to him, although the little puss—she always makes me think of a white kitten, she is so fair and frolicsome—is barely fifteen; but Mr. Leveridge declares he won't hear a word of such nonsense for three years to come."

So it all ended like a fairy story; and if I could forget Louis Meyer's eight daughters and the thousand other girls sad and struggling, with no one to lend them a helping hand, I should be wholly happy in thinking of Margaret and Lucille. EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

THE MODERN NOVEL.*

We who write novels for the existing time
Should face our task with fortitude sublime,
Since daily, now, we hear our critics mourn
The unpleasing fact that we were ever born,
And daily note with what majestic rage
They pour contempt on our presumptuous page.
We watch them scoff at all we plan or think,
And write our dirges in funereal ink ;
We let them chide us in stentorian tones,
And cudgel us with famous dead men's bones ;
We see them burn, in mortuary pile,
Our bleeding syntax and our slaughtered style ;
We mark them slay, with wrath no pity curbs,
Our helpless adjectives and harmless verbs,
Till driven to seize, with suicidal aim,
The very weapons these dread critics claim,
We sigh to find that after all is said,
Their pop-guns carry cork but never lead.

Few are the stars of fiction that endure,
Still splendid in the skies of literature.
The years glide on, and shatter, as they pass,
Idols that seemed of sempiternal brass.
We treat to-day with unrelenting frown
Full many a novel that once stornied the town,
And whose old text our sires and grandams read
Long past the hour when both should be in bed,
Wasting, while so they read, till morn's chill damps,
Clandestine candles and illicit lamps.
But we, in some obscure Darwinian way,
Have lost the power to palpitate as they.
For us no more the fair Clarissa glows
To tender speeches in Johnsonian prose ;
No more does lachrymose Belinda wear
One white camellia in her raven hair,
While young Adolphus breathes his gentle vow,
With marble throat and alabaster brow ;
No more Matilda, to her swain adored,
Plays in long ringlets on the harpsichord,
Or, watching late the moon's "effulgent globe,"
Defies pneumonia in a gauzy robe . . .
And weird Ann Radcliffe may allure no more
With secret stair and haunted corridor ;
Her sliding panels will no longer slide ;
Her gliding ghosts conclude they will not glide ;

* Read at the Nineteenth Century Club, March, 1883.

Her grisly mysteries may no more evoke
The loyal goose-flesh that they once awoke ;
Her bugaboos are fled, like wind-blown chaff,
And rationalism writes their epitaph . . .
Still less the highway robber may secure
That popularity he once found sure.
Paul Clifford, armed no longer to the teeth,
Has Blackwell's Island for his Hounslow Heath ;
And Claude Duval, whose gallant fame is dead,
Resides at Sing Sing, with a shaven head.
Large claims of rank have wholly ceased to sway
The unwilling reader of this latter day.
His lip with singular indifference curls
At dashing dukes and impecunious earls ;
The explosive noble he is prone to flout,
Cursing a valet, in the pangs of gout.
With each new year his care grows less intense
For horsey lords who "take" the five-barred fence,
Or heroes of Guy Livingstonian stuff,
Whose muscles and whose morals both are tough,
And who have lived, alike through weal and ill,
Unshamed by one receipted tailor's-bill.
These types, and many another, cease to please
An altering public with their former ease ;
Old tricks of trade, by slow degrees eschewed,
And lapsing softly into desuetude,
Like florid phrases that now scarce exist,
Were once the joy of every novelist.
To-day we estimate of little worth
All stolen wills and babies changed at birth.
As literary stock, most dealers know,
Abducted heiresses are quoted low ;
And quite inferior, we may declare,
The market value of the missing heir.
The deadly secret, as I understand,
Is not an article in large demand ;
It ranks with bigamy, and poisoned wine,
Whose home-consumption suffers great decline ;
And strawberry-marks, if rightly I deduce,
Have passed entirely out of family use.
However malcontents may rail or chide,
Good modern novels are, and shall abide.
Seen at their best, we find them plainly free
From shams of meretricious filigree.
In sense and sentiment they shrink from cant,
From big hyperbole, from hollow rant—
Faults that like plum-cake's icing, serve to show
There's indigestibility below.
Some call them cold, confusing, it is sure,
Coldness with evenness of temperature.
In art like life the calm firm effort tells,
And not the unequal force that sinks or swells.
The firefly flashes, but the planet glows ;

The secret of great art is great repose.
 Nor can we grant these later writer miss
 Real truth in labyrinths of analysis.
 What wonder if the new romancer plies
 His task to-day with disillusioned eyes?
 By the white light of science closer reads
 The strange complexities of human deeds?
 Bids deep Psychology unfold her laws,
 To guide his pen in its creative cause?
 By Philosophic History sees unfurled
 Those mightier meanings that control the world,
 Or scans, while at her stately side he roams,
 The centuries in their awful catacombs?
 Such loftier motive will outweigh (why not?)
 A hundred neat dexterities of plot.
 Since fiction's finer methods hold their own
 Through vital portraitures, and these alone.
 We love the Othello that our Shakespeare shapes
 Far more than hearing of his hair-breadth 'scapes;
 A keener joy the man himself can yield
 Than all his "accidents by flood and field."
 Almost as long ago as good Queen Anne,
 Pope told us that mankind should study man,
 And though stanch liberals, we concede, I hope,
 The infallibility of this *one* Pope.

But here the Muse forbids me to prolong
 My dangerous current of didactic song,
 And warns me, in abrupt though classic speech,
 "Sneer, if you like it, but, by Jove, don't preach!"
 Yet not with random ridicule (ah, no!)
 Did satire bend to-night her supple bow,
 But rather with corrective aim 'twas bent,
 For purposes of wholesome chastisement.
 And if the shafts too nimbly dared to spring,
 Or tipped their crests with too acute a sting,
 Safe-reared above their flight serenely spread
 Those bournes which keep the imperishable dead,
 George Eliot, Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Scott,
 Convened within some high Parnassian spot,
 All proudly wearing, by immortal claim,
 The invulnerable laurels of their fame!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

MARCH 17, 1883.



ROUND THE TABLE.

"WHAT," asks Mr. Ruskin, "does cookery mean? It means the knowledge of Medea, and of Circe, and of Calypso, and of Helen, and of Rebekah, and of the Queen of Sheba. It means knowledge of all herbs, fruits, and balms, and spices, and all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savory in meals; it means carefulness and inventiveness, and watchfulness, and willingness, and readiness of appliances; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers, and the science of modern chemists; it means much testing and no wasting; it means English thoroughness and French art, and Arabian hospitality; and it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always 'ladies,' 'loaf-givers,' and as you are to see, imperatively, that everybody has something to put on—so you are to see, yet more imperatively, that everybody has something nice to eat."

In these days of progress, mayhap, there are still some fair "loaf-givers" like Dr. Johnson's Miss Carter, who can translate Epictetus and make a toothsome pudding, write a Greek poem and embroider fine linen, keep the household accounts, and forget not that the teachings of the just smell sweet, and stew and simmer even in their dust. What picture of feminine polo-hunting, the triumph of being in at the death agonies of a helpless, wretched little animal, is so touching, so gracefully feminine, as the concoction of the beefsteak pudding by Tom Pinch's sister?

When a man approaches the shadow of middle age and anticipates with dismal forebodings the threatened indigestion, he craves, like Justice Shallow, "any pretty, little, tiny kickshaws," and takes comfort in his soul in knowing that his wife and daughters are learning to cook after the French oracles, who unite thrift in domestic economy with the charm of exquisite pastries and pies of meats or game. It is a great mistake to argue that cultivated cookery means extravagance. To the contrary, the legion of varieties arranged by the

accomplished housekeeper and produced by the cook, is managed without extra expenditure by the materials ignorance would discard. In this lies the secret of health, prosperity and peace.

Sir Henry Thompson insists that the process of digestion, and the amiable state of mind which results from it, should occupy no subordinate place in the practical life; that good cookery would be an absolute safeguard against crime or the beating of women. The costermonger would never begin "jumping on his mother's or wife's ribs," had he just partaken of *filets de poulet aux truffes*, with a glass of good wine, or more practically, a hot, toothsome stew and savory accompaniment, at a mere trifling cost.

That science has done little for the poor, excepting to give them lucifer matches, is an old saying. If it can give them a new diet, or a change of diet, it will lessen the amount of human misery. It is a cruel and most unpalatable fact that man loves woman according to the state of his digestion. There is a legend of a stern, dignified, unapproachable bishop, who gradually waxed softer and softer over excellent dinners and limitless surprises in the way of his favorite dishes, until finally he went down in the kitchen, to begin his courtship, with—"Betty, do you love the Lord?" "Yes, sir," said Betty. "And, Betty," said the good man, "do you love me?" "Yes, sir," said blushing Betty. And so it came to pass, that Betty was straightway made the bishop's lady, and still practised on the stew-pans, the soup-pots, the rolling-pins and pudding-moulds.

With the ancients whatever served to delight the eye, was added to the epicurean taste. Peacocks must have been abundant in the days of the Emperor Vitellius, that heartless gourmand, who otherwise could not have created the enormous dish called, "The Buckler of Minerva," which was a macedoine of the tongues of flamingoes, the brains and tongues of pheasants and peacocks, and the livers of the parrot fish. The peacock was first eaten

at Rome, by the famous orator Hortensius, when he was consecrated high-priest, and gave a solemn feast; the solemnity, however, not interfering at all with the extraordinary feasting and junketing that followed. At the marriage of the heir of Sir Thomas Rockly and Elizabeth Nevile, in 1509, among the courses at the feast was "Braun with mustard served with malmsey; a Roe roasted for a large dish; a young lamb, whole, roasted; Swans, two of a dish; and Peacocks, two of a dish; and for night, there was first a Play, and straight after the Play a Mask, and when the Mask was done, then the Banckett, which were one hundred and ten dishes, and all of meat; and then all the Gentlemen and Ladies danced, and this was continued from the Sunday to the Saturday.

"O'er Capon, Heron show, and Crane,
And princely Peacock's gilded train,
And o'er the Boar's head garnished brave,
And Cygnets from St. Mary's wave;
O'er ptarmigan and Venison,
The priest did say his benison."

The dry, tough flesh of the peacock requires an abundance of sauces. "The City Madam," one of the productions of the day, disgusted with the extravagant feasting, says: "Men may talk of their country and court gluttony, their thirty pounds for buttered eggs, their carps' tongues, their pheasants drenched with ambergris, their carcasses of three fat wethers bruised for gravy to make sauce for a single peacock, but their feasts were fasts compared with the cities."

It is true that there is nothing new but what is old. The *dindons aux truffes*, the *paté de foie gras*, the *turbot à la crème*, and game pastries, dished up to-day by famous chefs, figured at the banquets of Cataline and Lucullus before the Christian era. Unhappy geese were gorged with figs until their livers were forced to an enormous size; peacocks were stuffed with truffles, turbots fricasseed in cream; hogs were fattened on chestnuts and acorns in cream, and served garnished with bay-leaves and anchovies, wine, olives, vinegar, and white pepper. Although the culinary skill of the present age far exceeds the perfection of Roman epicureanism, it will be long perhaps before their models in the science of hospitality can be equaled. The grandest banquet of to-day is comparatively a bagatelle compared to the magnificent hos-

pitality of the ancients, when hundreds of thousands, even millions of money, were expended at *fêtes* and dinners in the reign of the Roman emperors. The pride of the cooks consisted in concentration of expense in the smallest compass—for instance, the sacrifice of a thousand peacocks to create one small dish of tongues. The famous *gourmet* and *gourmand* Apicius poured into the insatiable depths of his stomach an enormous fortune. A humorous interview is described in the "Dialogues of the Dead" between Apicius and a modern *gourmet*, Dartieuf. The Frenchman boasts of the nature of his own death by a surfeit, and is filled with envious amazement to hear the tale from the ancient Roman, that he killed himself in despair upon hearing from his steward that he had but fourscore thousand pounds left in his coffer. "Alas!" cried the distracted Apicius, "it is not enough for a supper," and straightway fell on his sword to avoid starvation. "*Sacre Dieu!*" exclaimed the Parisian, "with us you might have lived twenty years on it. Eighty thousand pounds! *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*"

With the hospitality of the ancients was united consummate tact regarding the guests. In the didactic poem of Archestratus, he says:

"That 'round a table delicately spread,
Or three or four may sit in choice repast;
Or five, at most, who otherwise shall dine,
Are like an army marauding for their prey."

The object of this seems to be to secure the greatest amount of personal comfort to each guest who may be as well served in a party of a hundred as though he were alone. This depends upon the *Amphitryon*, the fashionable title of the host in Molière's "*Devoirs de l'Amphitryon*," or the "Science of Hospitality." The host of to-day should himself be familiar with the tastes and habits of his guests, keep an unexpected yet anxious watch over their appetites, urge with graceful yet not importunate pressing, and be especially careful that each one receives his favorite dish. "A neglect of this rule, which is important," gravely writes a French author, "leads often to deplorable consequences." Even the gentle Elia confesses to feeling impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, anticipating a savory mess at the dinner hour, and be offered one tasteless and sapidless.

The late Lord Dudley, dining with Prince

Esterhazy, was made wretchedly unhappy at missing his favorite pie, and all through the dinner hour continued audibly muttering, in absent-mindedness, "God bless my soul! no apple-pie!" Many another forgetfulness of a guest's tastes will make the stupid host of such a dinner wonder "why everything went wrong."

The dissatisfied faces and general gloom of guests so neglected, prove conclusively that the stomach and not the heart is the citadel of benevolence. According to a famed *gourmet* who once failed to find anything he liked where he dined, such a host is one who preserves all the decencies of ignorance.

The dinner *à la Russe* has its advantages. The genial Amphitryon sits at ease, and comprehending the idiosyncracies of the guests, gives quiet instructions to the carver and the waiters, so that each be served according to his or her peculiar tastes. "For meat," said the butcher to Tom Pinch, "must be humored, not drove." So, also, must the guest who makes a solemn and sacred business of dining.

A perfect dinner or luncheon perfectly served, whether it be simple or luxurious, is among the highest attainments of civilization. The power of giving to the duties of home a beauty and divinity is a certain evidence of a cultivated mind in woman, united with poetical tastes; nor is it by any means so difficult as many think to unite simple living and a high order of thinking.

At the dinner-table *objets de luxe* of high standard are abandoned for those of low relief. Before this last arrangement, as Mr. Thackeray complained, a man was compelled to dodge and peer at his opposite neighbor through a forest as thick as those of the Amazon. The elaborate *tazza*, or three-storied *epergne* laden with fruit or flowers, was a source of the most intense misery to Sydney Smith, whose delicate epicurean tastes yielded to his brilliant social powers, of which he was rather vain. He used to say, "Most London dinners evaporate in whispers to one's next-door neighbor. I make it a rule never to speak a word to mine, but fire across the table." Sydney Smith's suppers were delightfully successful. He gave a general weekly invitation to about twenty or thirty persons who accepted or not *sans cérémonie*. There was no attempt at display, no gastronomic surprises, nothing to tempt the palate;

but these little suppers were eagerly sought after. There was no restraint but that of good taste, no familiarity, but a happy meeting of men and women, the wise, the grave and the gay; and there was always present the tea-kettle, simmering on the hob, which was the host's sovereign remedy against melancholy. Like Dr. Johnson's, his tea-kettle had no time to cool; with tea he solaced the midnight hour and with tea he welcomed the morning.

But the dinner, according to Daniel Webster, is the climax of civilization, when every point is considered. Otherwise, what misery is caused? The old *bon vivant* misses his favorite wine; a married pair are too near each other; the coquettish widow is consigned to an engaged man, an anxious and *passé* young lady to a married man and *gourmet*; a desirable *parti* to a young wife not yet disillusionized; an author *vis-à-vis* to the man who has reviewed and mercilessly dissected his book to its injury. The author's sense of that injury is intense. His pretty prepared little *bon mots* are forgotten, the good talk swallowed in indignant silence. The host is aggrieved that his two best cards fail, for the reviewer is also chagrined and uneasy in the presence of his victim.

"Sir, we had good talk at dinner," said Dr. Johnson, whose talk was heavy talk, and to be avoided as nearly as the bore who asks questions. Among the ancients, Philoxenus ranked high in the voluptuousness of toothsome dishes. His highest expressed wish was to possess the neck of a crane, that he might be long in savoring his feast. Let some modern Philoxenus, with palate thrilling in a delicious reverie over a favorite morsel, be attacked by his argumentative, pedantic, nervous neighbor, who don't know *Clos Vougeot* from sour *Julien*, or a *vol au vent* of sweetbreads from a mutton-chop done to death, because he boasts of being a self-made man, a Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, and when "he was young the boys were glad to dine on a herring-bone, a turnip, and pump-water; now, by George, sir, they cry out for city dinner companies—limited—and pocket-handkerchiefs"—so this delicate eater, Philoxenus, whose cook "melts an acre in a savory dish," hereafter forswears forever his host's acquaintance for admitting to his table such a bore, and besides, giving him a slight attack of indigestion.

The philosophers of Athens, in discussing

every known dish, mention one called *maati*. There was a most learned and profound treatise on it. Although it was first introduced at Athens, it was undoubtedly an invention of the Thessalonians, the most epicurean and sumptuous people of the Greeks. The *maati* was simply a term applied to any delicate dainty always served the last, and partaken of when cold.

As there seems to be no evidence extant of those ancient *gourmets* understanding the creation of the frothy sweets, the tartlets, the creams made famous by French and Italian cooks, their *maati* must have partaken of the nature of our modern *patés*, which have been immortalized by Tom Moore, who was as perfect a *gourmet* as he was a poet. This rollicking Anacreon, after a hearty *djéjeuner*, would pass an hour or so at the famous restaurant of a Madame Felix, whose good cookery he wedded to verse :

" If some who are Lotharios in feeding should wish
To flirt with a luncheon, a devilish bad trick ;
It takes off the bloom of one's appetite, Dick,
To the *Passage des* (what d'ye call it) *Panoramas*
We hasten our pace, and there heartily cram us
With seductive young *patés* as ever could cozen
One out of one's appetite down by the dozen."

These justly immortalized *patés* of puff-paste were only the eighth of an inch thick, when daintily rolled out for a delicate covering of preserved fruit and candied peel of limes. After the process of baking, when nearly cool, some whites of eggs were whipped with sugar that had been rubbed on a lemon, and a generous quantity of burgundy. This preparation, poured over the fruit, was strewn with finely minced almonds and sifted sugar.

Madame Felix retired to the enjoyment of an easy conscience, haunted by no uneasy ghosts of dyspepsia, and an ample fortune, like many another famous *chef*, as Ude, Beauvilliers, Fracatelli, Careme, Soyer—not forgetting the world-renowned Madame Sullot, who sold, in her little shop in the Palais Royal, twelve thousand tarts a day. The delicious little mouthfuls of ambrosial sweets that were eaten at Richmond by the court ladies and wits of the day are still held in fond remembrance by *bon vivants*, and were called maids

of honor. And this is the way they were made: the sacred process mysteriously whispered by the inventor to a woman patron, became no longer a mystery, but a cup of sour milk, one of sweet milk, a tablespoonful of melted butter, the yolks of four eggs, juice and grated rind of one lemon, one small cup of white pounded sugar-candy. Put both kinds of milk together in a vessel, which is set in another, and let it become sufficiently heated to set the curd, strain off the milk, rub the curd through a strainer, add butter to the curd, the sugar-candy, well-beaten eggs, and lemon. Lave the little pans with the richest of paste and fill with the mixture. Bake till firm in the centre—from ten to fifteen minutes—and affectionately hold in remembrance the maid of honor who failed to keep the secret.

The tarts and tartlets that are needed to satisfy the appetites of Frenchmen, the *patés*, apple-dumplings and plum-puddings sacred to Englishmen, the enormous quantity of pie devoured by Americans, proves that an extraordinary hallucination exists in regard to man and his fancied animal tastes.

Five hundred years ago there was a passion for *oublies*, a sweet little wafer called nebulae, made of flour, delicately flavored sugar, and eggs. There was an office in the court called the Wafery. The officers were solely employed in making these

" Sweet drops that make the mixed cup of earth
A delicious draft,"

for the royal palates, partaken of at all hours, as *bonbons*, and were carried about in pretty boxes, in men's pockets, centuries later.

But not for a moment must it be imagined that the women of to-day are indifferent to savory, toothsome kickshaws, or sweets. Bear witness high teas and private four-o'clock teas, breakfast and garden parties, matinées, mid-night and theatre suppers. The fair and guileless Chloe and Doris "of the tea-cup time of hoop and hood," are replaced by the fair Chloe and Doris of to-day, who ask their lovers :

" Will the flame that you're so rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen?
And will the little god of love turn the
Spit, spit, spit?"

—G. H. SHERBURNE HULL.

A SCHOOL OF URBANITY.

VOLUMES might be written by even the most expert describers and closest observers, yet they would find it impossible to say as much about the politeness of the Central Americans as the least cultured among them habitually display in an hour.

Among the many people and divers nationalities that the traveler meets, the Central American is always distinguishable by his national characteristic, which undeniably is the most exquisite courtesy under all circumstances.

At home in that "garden of the world," Central America, the Politeness-flower blooms and flourishes and multiplies in most glorious splendor; it is there that it attains its greatest dimensions, its highest colors, its most penetrating yet sedative perfume. It there also exercises its most pernicious influence, for it takes from one valuable pieces of time which it is given no one to be able to return.

A stolen purse may be replaced; a tarnished name might be perhaps brightened up, but lost or stolen time can never be restored, no matter what the reward offered.

In the language of the country the aphorism "Time is money," is replaced and entirely annulled by the saying: "*Hay mas tiempo que vida*," which can be translated only by "We have more time than life." Yet this translation by no means fully encompasses the idea which the axiom conveys.

This subject is dilated upon in the endeavor to explain the few disagreeable features of Central American politeness, which appears cumbersome until one has entered into the spirit of the language, or until long residence among the people has familiarized one with their customs and manners, and one thus has learned to draw the line of demarcation between the expressions of true inborn courtesy and empty phrases which sound like vapid and fulsome flattery.

Then those very phrases which at first seemed obnoxious, heavy and silly, become the pleasing softeners of life. The set lines and acute angles are converted into graceful curves, and upon a return to bustling Broadway the sharp elbows

which dig their way, using their neighbors' ribs as a point whence to obtain renewed impetus, become keen poniards to wound the soul which, in the tropics, has become accustomed to be greeted most politely by every passer with a graceful hat-raising or bow, and a most decided, yet gently spoken "By your leave."

It is my firm conviction that should the galleys ever be introduced into Central America as a means of converting hardened assassins into cherubims, the hangman will ask the culprit's pardon for the trouble he is giving him, and will thank him for the high honor he enjoys in suspending or elevating so estimable a person.

Although it has little bearing on the subject under consideration, it may be mentioned here that criminals and others are executed in Central America by the rifle and with all the forms of a military official killing, if the powers that be so elect.

An exception to this custom was made by a general of the Guatemalan forces, several years ago, in a neighboring republic. Fearing that his ammunition might become exhausted by a wholesale execution, he hanged three hundred men with *vejuco* vines, which kind Nature seems to have destined for the purpose, as they are very soft, yet unbreakably tough.

Inasmuch as I was not with the three hundred I cannot vouch for the tale, but am inclined to believe that time has multiplied this report into a geometrical proportion to the truth. At all events, the officer has since been called "El General *Vejuco*." I do not hesitate to assert that when he earned the pseudonym he failed not to attend to the business in a most courteous and dignified manner. In August, 1882, the General visited New York and was noted by all for his exceedingly courteous and affable manner. Byron's cut-throat and ship-scuttler was certainly inferior to the General.

Until one understands the peculiarities of Central American politeness, one might fall into the error of designating it as most insipid adulation. But as it is invariable, and stamps the people with one of their most prominent

characteristics, it is worthy of more profound study than its apparently superficial character would at first seem to warrant.

Its origin is not with the people of to-day, the majority of whom carry in their veins a mixture of Spanish and Indian blood.

Tradition, history and song have ever marked the Spaniard as pompously employing the most profuse verbiage, and how true this is can easily be verified by translating the most ordinary phrases he employs, and which, in Spanish, do not seem even exaggerations. A gentleman will terminate his letter quite correctly by subscribing himself "Your most attentive and devoted servant, who kisses your hands and feet." And in Spanish it does not sound at all ridiculous for a lady to be told by a gentleman, upon being introduced to her or when taking leave, "My revered lady, I kiss your feet." I have never seen the threat executed.

Spaniards themselves assure me that these phrases mean nothing. It is well that they do not, as they might, because of the offer or menace contained in them, deter many a lady and gentleman from learning the language or visiting lands in which Spanish is spoken.

The aboriginal inhabitants of Central America must have been a most courteous people, as the present customs of those who still conserve their pure Indian blood prove. This testimony must be accepted because of analogy in other matters. I allude to the fact that the language, food, utensils, weapons, and manner of thought of these people are the same as were those of their progenitors for many generations and even centuries. One need not be a profound archaeologist or ethnologist to establish this fact. The courtesy of these Indians is peculiar, and quite at variance with the conceptions of politeness found in the civilization of other nations.

Lying, in the form of a fine art, enters largely into the composition of the courtesy of the Central American Indians, and in this it, of course, differs from the politeness of other people.

The Indian lies politely—thus: He is asked the distance to a certain place, by a weary and hungry wayfarer, and he answers, in a most encouraging tone, "Just a little elevation, then a little declivity more, and you are there." He trots on and muses to himself or to his com-

panion: "Poor child, it is wandering far from its home; well, I have given it courage. Sad to have to travel all day before it reaches its destination. *Pobrecito!*" And the "pobrecito" (poor little thing) in many instances a six-foot tall and bearded man, travels on past the "little elevation and the little declivity," meets another Indian, repeats his question and receives the same answer. This is politeness.

A favorite amusement—save the word—of foreigners is to mount the volcanoes. The Vulcan de Agua, some thirty miles from Guatemala, must be visited by all who go to Central America, for it offers a delightful view of both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans from its 14,000-feet-high apex. All those who have been trapped into making this ascent, which has among its attractions most outrageously difficult climbing, exposure to intense cold, and unprecedented enjoyment of the food which is carried by the valiant explorers, assure me that the panorama is grand.

I believed all who told me this, and sought no opportunity to contradict them.

Ladies who make this trip with their husbands, whom they do not wish to rise higher in the world than themselves, are carried in chairs balanced upon the backs of Indians, who carry all weights by the *mecapdl*, a cow-hide head-band, with long straps to fasten the freight.

The wastes of volcanic sands above the level of vegetation make the Indian's gait unsteady. He slips and stumbles and rocks his fair freight in such a manner as to recall the disagreeable, to say the least, *mal-de-mer*; the rarified atmosphere makes breathing difficult, and the aforesaid fair freight does not open her eyes lest the steep road over which she has passed present itself to her sight with all of the possibilities of a rapid, involuntary descent. She asks desperately, "For Heaven's sake, tell me how long is this terrible ordeal going to last?" and the panting Indian who carries her, will answer: "Only a little elevation, then one more small declivity, and there you are."

As often as she repeats the question, so often she receives the same answer. It is polite to encourage her, to the extreme that she will ever after distrust each assurance she hears. Not even will she believe her husband when he arrives at home after midnight and insists that he has been at the lodge, though he bring with

him a sprig of myrtle or acacia or some cloves to prove it.

Central American Indian politeness does not develop credulity nor does it improve faith in mankind.

Many little clues to the manners and customs of the Central American Indians were furnished me by Valeriano, my faithful servant, who speaks several of the aboriginal languages as well as Spanish. In connection with urbanity I may tell the following:

I was observing two Indians, who for fully ten minutes stood bent like half-closed jack-knives, their bare heads about six inches apart, as if intending a violent collision, with their hats in their right hands and arms stretched out straight from their shoulders, while they simultaneously squeaked forth an unepithetic speech into which fragments of Gaelic, Hebrew, and Coptic seemed to enter.

"Very fine Indians those," remarked Valeriano.

"How dost thou know it?" I asked.

"Because they continue in their positions so long and speak their salutations in so high a voice."

Whenever I recount my experiences among the Indians it will be in place for me to dilate upon their many peculiar conceptions of courtesy and their odd way of putting their ideas into practice.

The majority of the present generation, who would scorn to be called either Indians or Spaniards,* cultivate a species of courtesy which exceeds that of both progenitors in many ways.

Rudeness is unknown, although some things, especially among subjects of conversation, are admissible, which in other lands would necessarily be tabooed.

To cast an admiring glance at a lady, to comment audibly upon her pretty face and figure, is not an offense in Central America, although the most refined rarely indulge in this extravagant and questionable form of politeness.

One need but be in trouble or suffering, and all the neighbors will flock into one's house

with the assurance, "Though I am utterly useless, make me happy, I pray you, by allowing me to serve you in any manner, even as a scullion, if you so wish."

There are times when such kindnesses are most desirable.

The foreigner must not admire anything a native possesses. You ask a Central American, "Whose pretty horse is that you are riding?" as quick as a flash comes the answer, "It is your miserable mount, as all I possess is to serve you."

When this answer is made by a gentleman of the old school, to decline the gift is to give deep offense.

However, if a Central American among the fair reader's acquaintances possesses a handsome diamond, and he does not insist that my fair reader accept it because she expresses her admiration for it, I must not be accused of exaggeration on this point, but the omission will prove the Central American under discussion not to pertain to the fine old school.

The custom of the past generation in this regard is reduced by the present people, many of whom have been educated abroad, to a mere offer, in the words, "It is at your disposal." The counterpart thereto exists in the modern degeneration of the old Spanish embrace upon salutation and parting, which is now a reciprocal tapping on the shoulder-blades with the right hands. This can be done gracefully only by a person in whom the Latin blood predominates, while Saxons who attempt it look uncompromisingly sheepish at each effort.

In Central America smoking is neither a vice nor a habit, but has become something essential to existence, so much so that the very few who do not use the weed are adjudged to be somewhat queer, if nothing else.

Non-smokers must not refuse a cigarette or a cigar when it is offered them, but may, without giving the slightest offense, pocket the gift. Again, a match or the wick of a flint and steel, which the majority of people carry, must not be handed a person who requests a light, as it is a grave offense to give anyone any article whence to take fire for a cigar or cigarette unless it be another. Even people who do not smoke are compelled by custom to light the cigarette, puff it into bright incandescence, and hand it to the one who has asked for fire, with

* The census of Guatemala (1880) required each inhabitant to state his religion. One of the officers employed told me that in some classes of society he frequently received as an answer, "Soy Católico Apostólico Guatemalteco" (I am a Guatemalan Apostolic Catholic), instead of "Católico Apostólico Romano" (Roman Apostolic Catholic).

that elegant grace and politeness which even the lowest observe. This custom is particularly marked in Honduras.

Consideration for others is manifest in this, inasmuch as the burning wick or match does not emit a desirable flavor.

In all parts of Central America and among all class of society, the trifle of giving and receiving a light is attended with considerable ceremony and profuse verbiage.

No gentleman will light his cigar from that of another, while sitting or with his hat on.

Both will rise, uncover and each will beg the other to remain seated and to keep his hat on. When the blue and gray clouds curl upward, no matter how important the subject of their conversation, nor how brief the moments they can spare, certainly not less than five minutes are spent in the expression of most voluble and profuse thanks and exchange of compliments.

I refrain from singing a song in praise of the tobacco of Honduras, which vies in flavor with that of Havana, and if it were known in the markets of the world, would certainly command a far superior price.

In Central America cigarettes are more used than cigars, and most excellent cigarettes they are. As the native cigar makers do not excel in their work, and as the imported articles are very dear, the preponderance of the use of cigarettes is partly explained. Pipes are an extreme rarity—perhaps not one smoker in ten thousand has ever seen one.

On the Isthmus of Panama cigars are smoked by the negroes in a most peculiar way. They, after the first few puffs have thoroughly lighted the cigar, put the burning ends into their mouths and blow the smoke through, reversing the custom which prevails in other countries. This has its advantages for the smoker, because it largely reduces the amount of nicotine taken into the organism. But it is also pleasing to the spectator's ears, because, while these people smoke, they cannot talk. Their conversation is generally such vile and profane ribaldry that their silence is quite enjoyable.

That refinement of North American civilization, tobacco chewing, has no devotees in Central America, except among the very few who would emulate foreigners and begin by copying their lowest vices.

Lest with my good will I offend, I may be

allowed to interpolate the following story, which is told by my best friend: "In the halcyon days of courtship, by some means a little hand would steal into my overcoat pocket, because it was kept warm there. Upon one fatal occasion the hand drew forth a suspicious package. A street lamp's glare allowed the gilt letters to shine forth—*Fine-cut chewing tobacco*. I then learned what fear means.

" 'Why, darling, you do not chew?'

" 'N—Never, my love, but you see I am frequently asked for chewing tobacco, and as I do not like to refuse I always keep myself provided for those who ask me for it.'

" 'Oh, yes,' she said, in the confidence that love prompts, 'Papa does the same.'

Fellowship and virtues may become a binding tie between men, but does not participation in the same little vice cause them to view each other's shortcomings with greater charity? And then a physician, who sometimes chews, and only during autopsies, may be pardoned. It is an uncleanly vice at best, and no gentleman, especially no physician, will allow himself to be seen indulging in it, even if when taken unawares he must swallow the tobacco as a just punishment.

I may introduce another anecdote because it is replete with the evidences of Central American politeness.

The prevailing element of sadness which seems to cast a pall over the beautiful country and kind people has frequently been discussed. Consequently, persons who possess even an ordinary amount of sprightly humor attract attention because of it. An extraordinary amount of wit and the enjoyment thereof belong to one of the most prominent gentlemen of the country, and Mr. José Maria Samayoa will not take umbrage, I am sure, at my reciting one of his experiences.

A foreigner was introduced and saluted him in the most execrable of Ollendorf Spanish. Mr Samayoa affected not to understand, but quietly remarked in very good English: "I beg your indulgence, but so many years have elapsed since I spoke Russian that I am quite out of practice. If you have no objection we will converse in your native tongue." Our foreigner, not to be outdone by a Central American, allowed an occasional Russian word to escape him, and when Mr. Samayoa judged that the vocabulary was exhausted, he called to Señor

Don Marco J. Kelly, the London *Times'* former correspondent in Russia, who was at that moment in Mr. Samayoa's office. During the conversation that followed, such euphonious combinations as ktsksz, and vigorous double fs, rattled like tropical hail to such an extent that for several days afterward the whole neighborhood seemed impregnated with the smell of caviar and sekiskayavodka.

The fact that Kelly was not born in France did not prevent him from enjoying the foreigner's discomfiture.

Foreigners, as a rule, seem to think when they arrive in Central America that they have fallen among a most ignorant class of people. It is true that the country does not possess as many learned men and women as—well, not to be too modest—the United States. Yet a large number of the rising generation have been educated abroad, and it will be well to keep it in mind, so as not to find one's self in the predicament which I recount without any particular enjoyment.

Next door to my house lived a young lady who with Don Pedro XXX. was enjoying what foreigners call "the iron-chewing period." To explain this term briefly it must be kept in mind that the large balcony-like windows of the Central American houses are protected by heavy iron bars, some of which are so closely placed together that hardly a finger can be put through. Whether lovers have ever succeeded, by her efforts from within and his from without, in gnawing through the iron bars, I am unable to say, but can assure my readers that strenuous endeavors are continually made.

The concerted attentions and rhodent powers of the interested parties are invariably directed to the weakest point of the bars, or perhaps the largest aperture.

Foreigners used to congregate at my door in the beautiful evenings, and the subject of conversation frequently turned upon the question whether my fair neighbor and her friend (now her husband) were not anæmic, whether an excess of iron might not prove too tonic, and other questions more or less germane to the subject.

The wits imagined that they were perfectly safe in their remarks, as Don Pedro did not even wince, but appeared as if for him Angelita's voice were the only sound on earth worth listening to.

Imagine my consternation some months later at a dinner given to the President of Honduras when on a visit to Guatemala, Don Pedro, with true Central American courtesy, asked a lady who sat near me whether the Burgundy we were drinking did not taste irony, made it seem like a tonic, in fact too tonic, suggesting a German-American physician.

The earth did not open beneath me, to my regret, but not even my confusion satisfied Don Pedro. He completed his revenge by asking me whether I felt quite well. And all of this in excellent English.

Must it not be confessed that such indiscretion, not to say rudeness, in any other part of the world, would in all probability have been rebuked in quite a different manner.

Central American politeness is hastily adjudged by some to be cumbersome and superficial, yet after having grown accustomed to it, it is missed by those who leave the country.

The veriest ragamuffin will not pass a lady or gentleman in the street without removing his hat. A servant, though he or she enters your room at all times without knocking, will not address you without first wishing you good day, and solicitously inquiring about your and your family's health, and will express either delight or commiseration as your answer may suggest. It is true that there are some features in Central American courtesy which are annoying to the foreigner in the beginning. The disregard for privacy which servants manifest by not making their entrance known—and as they are almost invariably barefooted, and their presence is not noted until they are seen—is in reality their polite manner of expressing that they consider themselves part and parcel of their employer, and consequently wish to be treated as if they were any piece of furniture or other convenience.

No servant will retire at night until she or he has entered the employer's room and asked whether anything is desired; and when no orders are given, says, "May God give you a good night."

If a crib stands in the room, the servant will step to it, make the sign of the cross over the little rosy occupant and murmur: "Most Holy Virgin Mary, pray for us to God, the All-Powerful, that this little child may have a good night and that it may grow a joy to its

parents, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Amen."

What though we are convinced that the servant does this to propitiate the employers, or as a mere hollow form, is there a mother's or father's heart that will not beat more rapidly when a blessing is asked for their child? Can one feel otherwise than grateful to the lowly handmaid as she glides from the room and through this act has made one forget her little derelictions?

We will look kindly upon her to-night, even if we (that is, the connubial we) scold her early in the morning. Reprimands do not improve Central American servants, but make them sullen for a few moments. However, they are soon again as cheerful as their national impress of sadness ever permits them to become, while their politeness never suffers an interruption under any circumstance.

Having said so much about politeness and its origin, it behooves me to tell how it is conserved and developed.

All classes concede it to be the most essential part but not the consequence of, and not necessarily accompanied by, a superior education.

Generation after generation has inculcated and developed this idea, and consequently it has come to be considered what I have before claimed for it.

The prime study and the only one in which all students are invariably perfect, in all schools, is the Class of Urbanity and Good Manners. It occupies the first place in the curriculum of all institutions of learning, except in the schools of medicine and law. On those of theology my information is limited, but as Central American priests are invariably most exquisitely polite, I do not doubt that they are especially drilled in the matter.

The text-book used is called "Carreño's Manual of Urbanity and Good Manners," and the author has prepared a compendium of his work for the use of schools of both sexes. Let us suppose this study transferred to one of our North American schools—(note: the sexes are not educated together in Central America).

"Young ladies and gentlemen of the class of politeness will please to arise."

They arise and bow to their teacher and to each other.

"Master Chester Arturo, you will kindly permit me to remark that your bow is not quite as low nor as dignified as should be that of an hidalgo of the old school. Would you oblige me by repeating it?"

Master Chester smiles affably, places his right hand where he presumes his heart to be and gracefully swings his left, as the pirate in the melodrama brandishes his cutlass, while his entire body describes a curve.

"That is better, Master Chester; I thank you." To which the pupil replies, with another and more extensive bow, and sweep: "I am in a delirious frenzy of acute delight at having pleased my most amiable teacher."

The teacher says, "Ladies and gentlemen of the Class of Urbanity and Good Manners will kindly oblige me by taking their seats."

The class responds: "Our high esteem for our teacher positively forbids our being seated until our learned Professor occupies the chair of wisdom and amiability."

"But, ladies and gentlemen, I beg of you—"

"Our beloved teacher, we humbly beseech your mercy—"

Each phrase is accompanied by a bow and the teacher finally, with a deprecatory and apologetic courtesy, assumes the chair.

The scholars bow to each other and go through a pantomime, as each one endeavors to insist that his or her neighbor shall sit first.

Let us presume ourselves to be the committee appointed to examine the class which is about to graduate, and that, like all Central Americans, we have memorized Carreño from cover to cover. We respond to the teacher's inviting bow and proceed to question the graduates, just as such committees would do in Central America.

"Master Benjamin Butlero, please to tell us, if you kindly will, how does our Master Carreño divide man's moral duties?"

Master Benjamin arises, steps forward and bows, first to us, to his teacher and then to his classmates. He strikes an oratorical attitude and says: "The moral duties of man are divided into the duties we owe to God, to society, and to ourselves. Our duties to society are divided into those we owe to our parents, our country and our fellow-beings."

"Master Grover Partatierra, will you please to tell us how urbanity is divided?"

"Into, chapter the first, general principles;

chapter the second, cleanliness in our persons, our clothing, our house, and toward each other; chapter the third treats how we should deport ourselves at home, which is again divided into 'method' as a part of a good education; retiring and arising, home-garments, our conduct toward our family and toward our neighbors; the fourth chapter, how to behave in the streets, in church, and at school. The fifth is a social one, and from it we have learned how to conduct conversations, how to make visits, how to behave at table, how to carve and serve food, and how our deportment should be while gambling. The sixth and last chapter shows the different applications of urbanity in epistolary correspondence, and concludes with divers rules."

"Miss Susana Liliana, would you oblige us by detailing the rules we are to observe when we do not know how to proceed?"

"In society, whenever we do not know the manner of proceeding in certain cases, we follow the example set us by the most cultured persons present, as is directed by Señor Carreño on page 32 and paragraph 11."

"Miss Maria Andadera, would you please to tell how a man who acts womanly and a woman who acts manly appear?"

"The second part of Carreño, nineteenth chapter, on page 35, says that a man who adopts woman's moderation appears timid and weak, while a woman who assumes man's free deportment appears immodest and coarse."

As we continue the examination we discover, in brief, a number of interesting matters, and find that the students invariably cite the page, chapter, article, paragraph, and line, as evidence that they have Carreño "by heart." Among the wonderful information thus obtained we discover that, if because we are very tired or for some other reasons brought about by the lateness of the hour, we are prevented from performing our nocturnal ablutions before retiring, we should never neglect, upon arising, to wash our faces twice, nor to forget similar attentions to the eyes and the inner and outer surfaces of our ears and around the neck, etc., which operation should be repeated at least once a day and as often again as necessity may require. Each time that we notice that our hair has become disarranged, we should hasten to use the comb. The tooth-brush should be used often, as also should frequent mouth-

washing, especially after eating; but, note it well, none of these acts are to be performed in the presence of strangers nor in the street.

Parenthetically I may state that nowhere have I seen such beautiful teeth as in Central America, even among the Indians, whose diet is such as to induce extremely slow digestion, and should cause their teeth to suffer. Even the lowest Indians, not only on arising after meals, but at all other opportunities, rinse their mouths and use the index finger as a tooth-brush. These buccal ablutions are invariably followed by that peculiar ejection of water through the dental interspaces that the Chinese laundrymen employ when sprinkling clothes.

Carreño says a great many things which in an English-speaking community would hardly bear repeating, therefore let us omit the consideration of such statements as he makes in the broadest terms.

He urges the necessity of frequently washing the hands and cutting the nails, yet earnestly reprobates biting them off. It is a great violation of good education to moisten the fingers with saliva, especially for the purpose of separating papers, the leaves of a book, or cards while gambling.

The hands should never approach the face or any part thereof, except to carry the handkerchief thereto, nor should the hand ever touch the head or be introduced beneath our garments, and especially never for the purpose of scratching ourselves. I may allude to this again when I speak of the wild animals which invade and infest the domiciles and people of Central America, and which in the United States, until recently, limited their attentions almost exclusively to the more inviting skins of Browser and Tabby.

I may be allowed to translate, just for a moment, a few phrases, which, though not quite æsthetic, will serve to indicate how extensively and profoundly the matter is discussed.

Carreño commands, in all Spanish gravity, that we must never clean our toothpick on our clothes; it is a disgusting and ridiculous act, and consequently not proper to fine people. This can hardly refer to an Arkansas toothpick.

He warns us against approaching too closely to persons with whom we converse, evidently impelled to this advice by the same motive that actuates Japanese servants who cover their

mouths with their hands when addressing anyone.

A number of what appear to others ridiculous and self-evident propositions, are mentioned with great precision in the book, yet the greater part of it, if learned by all the world, would make life most agreeable.

The author sets the very phrases of courtesy which are intended to cover all circumstances and conditions, he details all social complications which may arise, and always shows a most polite, if not the briefest, way of arranging matters.

His article on gambling must be translated entire, and when perusing it the fact should not be forgotten that this is published in the cardinal text-book for children of both sexes.

"1. The gaming table, like the dining-room, is the touch-stone of education. Self respect exerts in it an imperious power. We are prone to become angry if our skill is vanquished by the dexterity of others, and it is quite natural that we should feel satisfied when we triumph. If we have not acquired the habit of controlling our passions, if we do not possess that fund of liberality, generosity and moderation which is inseparable from a good education, we would be incapable of avoiding that greatest of errors, of appearing soured and mortified at the reverses of the play, and we would be propense to offend the self-love of our adversaries if, when we gained, we would manifest puerile and ridiculous joy.

"2. While gambling, a good education is manifested by those cultured and generous demonstrations which the players make toward each other, thus evincing that they are animated only by a desire to spend a while at a reputable diversion, and do not lay great stress upon winning. Even less should they ostent their skill and talent, nor should they endeavor to darken or deprecate their opponent's skill and talent.

"3. Each time when we engage in gaming we take it for granted that luck will not favor us, so that this eventuality may not take us by surprise and cause us to lose that serenity and good-humor which at a play, even more than at other social moments, we should maintain.

"4. The disputes which occasionally arise from gaming should never, among fine people, become sufficiently serious, nor be given sufficient importance, which would apparently justify the altercants to become at all heated in

the dispute. When the force of reason and conviction cannot resolve the question quickly, the disputants terminate their difference by the inferior one ceding to the opinion of the superior in a courteous and affable manner."

A few more interrogations to our class and we will retire thoroughly impressed that all our questions have called forth most correct answers. This is the experience of all examining committees appointed to question the class of urbanity and good manners, but sometimes it is not so favorable with those upon whom it is incumbent to act as examiners in any of the other branches which enter into the immense list of studies in the Central American schools.

When we consider the care and time which are devoted in the schools to the study of urbanity and good manners; when we remember that Central Americans have received their language of to-day from a people who write the first personal pronoun (*yo*) with a small letter, and the *You* (*Usted*, *Ud.* *Vd.* *V.*) with a capital; when we see the descendants of their progenitors who have still preserved the pure Indian blood, customs, garments, and food of centuries ago, in all of their exquisite politeness, we can fully explain and understand the constituents of the politeness of to-day.

Again, grouping the origin of the Central Americans, their time-honored customs, their education, their peculiar political institutions, we find important causes that have all contributed to preventing their being understood by the world at large. Casual observers set them down as stupid, stolid, and grossly conceited, while but superficially polished. It must be acknowledged that many, perhaps the majority, do not come up to our ideal women and men. But where do they? What race can manifest perfection in all regards?

My experience in Central America has been most pleasant. I have been treated by all as well as I could wish to be. Their politeness is charming; then, why stir up the mud at the bottom of the pretty woodland brook, as it ripples and glistens and coos to us, and in its very waves reflects our faces without the defects which the truthful mirror would portray?

Let us not despise the stoicism, even if it be artificial, which makes the Central American appear a hero—oftener a heroine—under the most acute mental and physical pain; for does not Carreño urge that "we should never evince

our sufferings, our annoyances, which are not agreeable to the hearing of others?"

* * * * *

As I write, the hum and buzz of busy life, which the rushing crowds produce as they race after the Dollar, fade from my senses, and in imagination I am carried back to Central America.

The peace and calm are enchanting. My good mule jogs on the road, which reveals a panorama of ever-increasing beauties of scenery, while the animal tramples upon the earth which bears within it untold mineral and vegetable wealth.

Will the vigorous Northern man come to develop it? Will—

My night-bell rings. A district messenger enters, does not remove his hat, nor does he greet me with anything further than, "Say, boss, you're wanted at the St. Denis, P. D. Q."

"Young man," I answer, "it will afford me exquisite pleasure to serve, with my very limited knowledge and circumscribed professional capacity—"

"Shake yer knowledge and capacity; they's not wanted—*you* are, and I told you so. Here, sign the ticket, and don't you give us none of your—"

I interrupt him by scrawling my name upon the blank he tenders me, and reconsider my half-formed intention of presenting him with a copy of Carreño.

Perhaps he would not appreciate its perusal; he has been taught that "time is money."

He slams my study door, and as he prances through the hall sings loudly:

"Me Mary Ann's a butcher
In a great big slaughter-house—
And she gits a thousand dollars every year. * * *"

I follow the messenger out into the cold night to see my patient, and wonder whether I have succeeded in depicting the characteristic feature of my Central American friends without doing them an injustice.

It is not my purpose to write anything but the truth, and that is favorable to the Central Americans in this as in most other considerations.

FERD. C. VALENTINE, M. D.

DEATH, THE ARTIST.

O Death, thou art an artist rare and skilled !
Withal so lavish : through all lands there's found
No one too poor thy gems to own. No sound
Of chisel dost thou make, yet earth is filled
With thy cold statuary. Thou hast chilled
The passive clay in many forms. Here, round
The waxlike limbs of infancy is bound
Thine icy mould. Again, and thou hast willed
To carve the warrior, ghastly and grim,
Upon the battle-field, thy chosen home.
Here, draped by art, lit up by tapers dim,
The statesman's head, wrought like a marble dome,
Wherein high thoughts held council. Then, some whim
Of thine, and lo ! one who outcast did roam—
Poor Afric's son, cut clean in ebony.
Here lies thy brother artist, wan and white,
And cold as the stone in which he thought : night
Hath come to him, night of eternity,
Wherein no man may work, not even he
Who works to give posterity delight.
And here reclines the poet, dreaming ; right
Near unto him ; as if in sympathy
With one who worked and waited, toiled and tilled
In fields that gave small harvest, save that grace
Such labor always yields. Aye, not unskilled
Thou art, O Death ! Thy work shall e'er find place ;
Each mission given thee shall be fulfilled,
That every home may own some dear, dead face.—A. P. WILLIAMS.

THE NOBLE RED MAN IN BRAZIL.

BRAZIL has a considerable literature of its own, and, by common acquiescence, Alencar's story of *O Guarany*, which is to say, The Guarany Indian, stands at the head of its romance. Its scene is laid upon the banks of the Paquequer, a stream flowing through the outskirts of the retired mountain village of Theresopolis, which has become a favorite summer retreat for tourists of the quieter sort. Theresopolis is a nook among the Organ Mountains, which overlook the bay of Rio de Janeiro, and are plainly visible from the city of that name. Among the dozen strangers gathered at this place there were two Americans, man and wife, but evidently yet in the honeymoon of their happiness, as they were still young, and appeared sufficiently fond of each other's company to take long walks together.

"Wait a minute till I get me a book," said the husband one morning, as they were about starting out for the day.

He returned with a volume of *The Guarany*.

"Now we will go out to the dashing stream of the Paquequer and find a shady rock upon its borders, and there you will trifle with your fancy work while I tell you the story which this book, like a ghost of the past or a guide of the present day, tells to me."

The little river was roaring and foaming with its burden of the recent rains as it leaped from step to step down its precipitous bed. Reclining in a hollow of rock, sheltered from the sun and the spray, the couple arranged themselves for a forenoon of idleness.

"Have you got your knitting ready, Agnes?" he asked. "Well, then, here goes."

"In the reign of the good King Philip the Second of Spain—"

"He was not a good king," was the impertinent remark of the young wife.

"How should I know?" queried the husband, with petulance. "Isn't everything in the past considered good, although the principal occupation of the people of those days does seem to have been in killing each other, and burning old women and philosophers? Yet do

we ever hear of the, bad old times? Aren't you and all the rest of the girls constantly pining for the days of chivalry, in which bad kings and worse knights were denied but one luxury in this world, and that was the last luxury of dying a natural death, with their boots off? It's only the present administration that is bad. Old Griffith was wrong. Men's evil manners do not live in brass, nor are their virtues written in water."

"I would rather hear the Brazilian's romance than your moralizing," complained she.

"Very well. To begin again. In the days of Portugal's prosperity, the old and trusty hidalgo, Dom Antonio de Mariz, one of the pioneers of Brazil, and the *paterfamilias* of this story, secured from the governor of the colony, Mem de Sá, a land-grant comprising the fair region which you see before you, between here and the Parahyba River. This was a reward for services rendered to Mem de Sá in defeating the original Huguenot settlers of Rio, and aiding in the foundation of the present city."

"When, later, in 1582, the Spanish power prevailed, Dom Antonio, conquered but not subdued, sheathed his sword and retired with his family and their penates to this estate in the wilderness. Selecting a site for his future home, upon the banks of this same Paquequer, he planted his foot upon it, drew up his haughty form, and, like the naturalized American that he had become, made a speech.

"'Here,' he cried, 'I am Portuguese. Here a loyal heart, never false to its oath of fealty, can beat in freedom. Upon this ground, conquered by my arm and given me by my king—upon this free ground thou shalt reign, Portugal, and shalt live in the souls of thy sons. I swear it!'

"Then he, with the aid of his retainers, built him a house, which was half castle and half palace, stocking it with rosewood furniture and dedicating it with rose-colored hopes of the future. With him were his wife, Lauriana, aristocrat and bigot; his son Diogo, a noble young man, who spent his time in hunting wild beasts and raiding his neighbors; Isa-

bel, his dusky niece, so called by courtesy, but who, it was more than suspected, owed her parentage to him and some captive Pocahontas, and finally the charming Cecilia, his daughter, eighteen years of age, a blue-eyed blonde of the style so popular among the dark South-erners.

"Cecilia was the darling and the goddess of this little household, the heroine of this romance, and altogether beautiful. Her moist red mouth was like a scarlet lily bathed in dew; her breath, passing her lips, became a smile; her complexion was pure and white as a flake of cotton; her hand was slender, and her tresses were long and fair—in short, she was an aggregation of all those personal charms which most do please the Brazilian mind and fire the Brazilian heart. If you will look yourself over with an impartial eye, Agnes, you will perhaps find some resemblance to this wonderful Portuguese girl of the Saxon appearance, though I am cordially thankful that you have not a complexion of the color of cotton."

"I have noticed since we have been here that the blonde seems to be the favorite type," said the wife, as she leaned over to view herself in the natural mirror of a placid pool of water which was near by.

She was the fairest of blondes herself.

"So, you are getting stuck up, are you?" the husband said. "But, after all, there is a beauty greater than yours. It is the red-headed girl who drives men mad down here. Red hair is the golden crown that commands the adoration of the tropical world. Never did Sabian worship the sun as ardently as they worship this fiery diadem. I saw a maid with auburn tresses go down the street in Rio one day, and the idlers there gazed after her and walked after her in open-mouthed admiration. The Madonna or a circus would scarcely have created a greater sensation. Neither you nor Cecilia nor any other flaxen-head could have shone in her dazzling presence."

"You are getting abusive now," pouted she. "Go on with your story, please."

"Here goes. One beautiful morning in summer this family were gathered on the banks of the Paquequer. Cecilia had been chasing a *colibri*—"

"What is a *colibri*?" asked the fair auditor.

"Well, the fact is, Agnes, I don't really

know whether it is a butterfly or a snake. The author says it had a thousand colors and was as gaudy as a solar spectrum, though the spectrum hasn't a thousand different colors by any means."

"It couldn't have been a snake," reasoned the young wife. "She wouldn't chase a snake. The snake would chase her."

"You mustn't estimate her by yourself, Agnes. She was a woodland nymph, you know, and accustomed to roughing it, while you don't know a goose from a swan. However, all this is immaterial to the story. Cecilia chased the *colibri*—hello, the writer refers to it again as a little bird! Maybe it was a bat."

"A bat hasn't a thousand colors," observed she, scornfully.

"Well, it's immaterial, any way. Please don't interrupt me again. Cecilia chased the *colibri* until she was tired, and then went to recline upon the natural divan of sward at the foot of the rocky cliff which overlooked their resort. Suddenly this peaceful scene was interrupted by a startling cry, in a strange language—

"'Yara!'

"This word in the Guarany tongue means *senhora*.

"Above the gentle Cecilia, on the ledge, stood a stalwart Indian, Sisyphus-like, with his shoulder against an immense stone which had broken from its bed and was about to roll down the mountain side and crush her fairy form. He sustained the rock by a supreme effort, grasping a neighboring bough with his disengaged hand, until, just as tree and man were about to give way, Dom Antonio, warned by the Indian's cry, snatched Cecilia from the impending death. Then the Guarany leaped into the valley beneath, while the rock bounded over him and buried itself in the ground where it struck.

"There is a theatrical introduction for you," remarked the story-teller, on his own account. "Search your memory through and I will defy you to call up a melodrama in which Don Galanteria comes to the rescue of Lady Innocentia more opportunely and with greater éclat than in this. Others have protected their bonnibels against brigands and assassins, and have saved them from fire and shipwreck, but this Guarany Indian, with the strength of an Atlas and

the devotion of an accepted lover, warded off an avalanche from his lady's head.

"If I may be allowed to criticise," he continued, "that is the fault throughout this greatest of all Brazilian romances. It is too romantic, too melodramatic, too improbable—too impossible, in fact. The rescuer never misses connection, but is always on hand, just in the nick of time to prevent the accomplishment of the villain's designs. This, in the course of time, becomes tiresome to the practical novel-reader. He would rather have one of his heroes killed off once in a while than to see the laws of nature and the doctrine of probabilities violated. How much more natural, realistic and enjoyable it would have been, for instance, to have this Indian hero introduced in his normal condition of eating a cocoa-nut or weaving a head-dress. Good characters can afford to be drawn out slowly; it is only the evil personages, like the devil and his imps, that should be shot at the public like a jack from his box."

"But the story. Go on with the story," requested the impatient listener.

"Oh, yes, the story. The Indian introduced himself as Pery, the chief of one of the neighboring tribes of aborigines. His hands were delicate, his foot was small, his eyes were black and keen, his complexion was copper-colored, with a golden gloss, and his form was tall and slender as the brookside rush. For costume he had a head-dress with two feathers, and a cotton tunic—ancient for shirt—of snowy whiteness, which reached discreetly to the knees. Only that and nothing more. Altogether, a more aristocratic Indian never drew a bow, though how he managed to run these wilds and preserve the immaculate purity of his linen—or, rather, cotton—is a mystery to me. I can't do it, though I have a modest supply of extra tunics, and live in the age of washerwomen."

"We'll pardon the mystery for the sake of the romance," said Agnes. "I prefer my heroes neat, even if they are improbable."

"Pery says Cecilia is no stranger to him. Once his tribe were on the war-path and had occasion to sack a village belonging to the whites. A conflagration followed in which a church, or, as he calls it, a House of the Cross, was lit up by the flames that devoured it. In the midst of the glare which shone upon the altar he saw a woman who was white as the

daughter of the moon, whoever she may be, and as beautiful as the heron by the river's side. She had the color of the heavens in her eyes, and the color of the sun in her hair. She was robed in clouds, plumed in splendor, and girdled with stars.

"At night this marvelous woman came to Pery in his dreams. By day she filled his thoughts as he roamed the woods in sadness. Would he ever see her again? Yes, he found her at last when he came to this castle on the Paquequer. She was not sad as of yore, nor did she wear the cloud and the stars, but she was undoubtedly the same.

"Now, what a namby-pamby Indian chief is that," groaned the reader. "First he sees an image of the Virgin Mary in a Catholic church, and his soul is filled with adoration of this wax doll with its lackadaisical expression and old-fashioned finery. Then he meets the fair Cecilia and identifies her as the same, barring some of the glories, and straightway transfers his devotion to her."

"What a taste!" exclaimed Agnes. "I always thought Pygmalion must have been a lunatic for falling in love with a statue, but I don't think that even he would have been so stupid as to be smitten by a dowdy like the Mary of one of these country churches."

"He is one of the most peculiar barbarians that ever you saw, Agnes. You might take all of our North American Indians from Montezuma to Spotted Tail, and boil them down, and you could not produce a character so nobly simple as his. He is always doing something extraordinary or crazy. In his silly wisdom, which is perhaps intended to be poetic, he tells his mistress that if she wants a cloud from the sky he will die and go to heaven and beg the Lord above to give her one, which nonsense is strikingly like the precocious prattle of a three-year-old baby, and not appropriate for the mouth of an able-bodied savage. In his anxiety to make his hero an artless and passionless child of nature, the author has given us a milksop incapable of arousing our respect or sympathy. He is a masculine Atala, only softer and more womanish than she. Indeed, this story reminds one of Chateaubriand's work in more ways than one, especially because it contains too much plot and detail to be called a poem, and too much extravagance to be considered a romance."

"You are wandering from your subject," his wife said again. "You promised to tell me the story of *The Guarany*. I would rather have more of the novel and less of the critique."

Her obedient spouse resumed the task of turning the leaves, gleaning here and there, and narrating as he proceeded.

"Pery became Cecilia's humble slave from that hour henceforward. She gradually overcame the very natural timidity which she at first felt toward this majestic body-servant, and, woman-like, came to take delight in feeling her weakness rule his strength. This life of hers was like a fairy tale, in which he was the good giant and she was the pretty princess. He brought her flowers, fruits and perfumes from the woods. Once, kneeling at her feet, he presented to her a cage of humming-birds, known as 'kiss-flowers' in the Portuguese, and as 'sunbeams' among the Indians. These, escaping, came to nestle in her bosom and circle around her head as if they thought her rosy mouth was a ripe fruit—a case of mistaken identity of which I never thought the intelligent humming-bird capable. Again, she expressed a desire to see a real live panther. Pery plunged into the woods and found a fierce specimen licking his chops in the tree-top. He dispatched an arrow toward it, giving it a slight wound in the mouth, merely to attract its attention. The panther, in a rage, leaped to where he stood, and Pery pinned his head to the ground with a forked stick, just as a Carolina darkey captures an opossum. Then he bound his prey with cords, slung it over his shoulder, and carried it home to Cecilia, much to the disgust of the old lady, her mother, who hated the Indian as if he was a beast himself.

"When Cecilia and Isabel went to bathe, Pery guarded the scene and allowed no profane eye to have a glimpse of his goddess in her bathing-dress, although, as the writer takes pains to relate, this garment was as voluminous as a priest's alb. Perched upon a neighboring rock, or in the branches of a tree, with bow in hand, he drew with his eye an imaginary circle of twenty paces radius around the bath, and if perchance some bad man overstepped these limits, he received an arrow through the crown of his hat or through the fruit which he held in his hand, or saw one land and quiver in the ground at his feet. Whereupon the intruder

would recognize the tangible hints of the untutored savage, and would withdraw. Nor were animals more privileged than men, and the fish in the water, the green snake in the bush, and the lizard upon the tree, fell victims to his unerring archery practice.

"Cecilia was a very modest girl. Making her toilet in the bath-house one day, she fairly blushed with shame because a ray of light stole through a crevice and fell upon her form. Such being the case, we can readily believe the author's statement that she almost died of fright when she heard a malicious voice outside, crying, *Bem te vi! Bem te vi!*—that is, *I see you! I see you!*

"This, however, was only an innocent little bird, the *bemtevi*, whose twitter resembles the aforesaid words about as much as the cry of the whip-poor-will resembles its name. They have other birds down here that are named in the same graphic manner, such as the trumpet-bird, the tolling-bell-bird, and the cry of the lost-soul. It would be all well enough for the superstitious and belated traveler to hear the lugubrious note of the last of these fowls and think it was the wail of a soul in purgatory, but it is too much to ask the reader to believe that a sensible young woman was ever deceived by the *bemtevi*. What would we think of a school-girl in our country who could be so green as to seriously ask questions of a kattydid? Could we make a heroine of her?"

"They do it in fairy stories," replied Agnes.

"The book is marred throughout by such incongruities as this. The author has utilized but not adapted his entire stock of knowledge in woodcraft and natural history—"

"The hour is passing," remonstrated the wife, "and you are still playing the part of the carping critic. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Maybe you'll write a book yourself some day, and then you will know how to sympathize with an author who has been reviewed. Can't you find any beauties in this novel?"

"Yes, indeed. It fairly glitters with gems of thought and description. It is as beautiful as a poem—and as absurd. Besides, you can't expect me to say both good and bad of the same book, can you? Artless child, that is not the way critics do. They take warning from the ignominious fate of the old man in *Æsop's* fable, who blew hot and cold out of the same mouth; and so, in their eyes, a book is

like the little girl of the nursery rhyme, either very, very good, or horrid."

"And how do they decide whether it is bad or good?"

"They are supposed to toss up a copper to see whether they shall praise or blame the new work before them, in which are launched the hopes and fears of the young writer's life, and then they proceed to elaborate some beautiful sentences of the laudatory or withering strain, in which they never fail to point out the old author whom the young person is imitating. Alencar has fallen between the two stools of Châteaubriand and Fenimore Cooper. At least it is safe to say so, although, between you and me, it is doubtful if he ever heard of Cooper."

"Did you decide in that way upon the merits of *The Guarany*?" asked she.

"No, it does not always depend upon the turn of a copper. Sometimes the reviewer's opinions are governed by motives of personal friendship or dislike. Or, as in my case to-day, they result from the condition of the critic's stomach, heart, or brain. I was feeling a little grouty this morning, and so I welcomed the chance to say something scathing. I consider *The Guarany*, from a subjective and not an objective point of view, as the professors say. Probably, if I had not mixed my drinks at billiards last night, I would have read you from these pages the most beautiful romance that ever you saw."

"Is it too late now? What became of these folks, any way? Is there no plot?"

"Plot? Indeed there is, and other characters to be introduced, but they do not settle down to steady work until the second volume. There is the nice young man, Alvaro, one of Dom Antonio's suite, who is the pink and flower of chivalry. There is also the heavy villain, Loredano, who is an apostate priest, an Italian, of ignoble birth, and says *per Bacco* and *per Dio* when he swears; so you see he possesses all the essentials of heavy villainy. Both of these are enamored of Cecilia, one with noble and pure affection, and the other with passionate desire. Add to these the fanatical idolatry of the Indian, Pery, and it will be seen that this maiden, who remained fancy free, had as many suitors as a marriageable young man at a summer resort. That they were all devotedly attached to her may be inferred from the fact

that one chapter represents them, all three, in the darkness of the same night, perched in trees and clinging to the precipices which surround her chamber, and industriously engaged, not in touching guitars and trilling madrigals, but in furtively peering between the curtains of her windows and endeavoring to steal one more look at the object of their affections."

"You could hardly call that blind adoration," remarked the wife.

"No. Love, it seems, had not yet lost its sight in those days. From this night the bitter leaven of rivalry enters the plot. The villain Loredano, despairing of impressing Cecilia's heart by any of the ordinary processes of love-making, takes a couple of Dom Antonio's followers, whom he has corrupted, into the distant forest, where they seclude themselves in a coral of thorn-bushes, and hatch a conspiracy for the murder of their master's household, with the exception of Cecilia, who is to be Loredano's bride, and the unfortunate Isabella, for whom the conspirators will gamble. This conversation, it may be remarked, is overheard by the vigilant Pery, who, breaking down the thin partitions of an ant-hill without the hedge, has burrowed his way underground to within listening distance, and calls out 'Traitors!' in a hollow voice when the moment seems opportune. General consternation and the curtain falls.

"Next we have Alvaro walking the forest aisles and thinking of Cecilia, when he is accosted by Loredano, who, as an issue to their common hatred, suggests a duel with muskets, the combatants to stand upon points of rock which project over the river, with the understanding that the victim is to complacently fall into the water and be washed away, and thus preserve the survivor from the troublesome inquiry of a coroner's inquest. Alvaro is agreeable, and, with that languid indifference which is characteristic of good breeding, starts for his station, withering with his kisses a flower of jasmine which has fallen from Cecilia's hair.

"It is then that the perfidious Loredano, sneaking behind, draws a deadly aim on his rival and fires. But Pery is on hand, as usual, and throws up the gun, so that the bullet does no greater damage than to ventilate Alvaro's hat and cut his plume. Alvaro returns, calm, serene, impassible, with a placid face, and a smile of sovereign disdain under his *bigode*

negro, which means his black mustache. Rescuing the assassin from Pery's garroting grasp, he spurns him with his foot, and resumes his walk and his contemplation of the jasmine flower.

"Loredano is not executed for his traitorous designs, as he deserves to be, for to dispose of him would be to leave an important gap in the romance. When the conspiracy, of which he is chief, counts among its members a majority of Dom Antonio's people, the night is set for the abduction of Cecilia and the destruction of the house. Loredano throws a plank across the chasm, which is a fosse, to Cecilia's chamber, enters through the window, goes to the bureau and proceeds to make up a compact bundle of silks and linen suitable for the long tramp which awaits the girl.

"Then he repairs to the side of the sleeping beauty, and even the soul of an apostate priest is filled with tenderness at the sight of her angelic face. In her dreams she raises to her mouth a cross, the ornament of her bosom. A smile flutters about her lips; the smile folds its wings and becomes a kiss; the kiss opens like a flower and exhales a perfumed sigh.

"Pery!" she says.

"This is getting mawkish," Agnes observed impatiently. "I wish you would hurry up and kill somebody. It would be a relief."

"Don't anticipate," replied her husband. "This thirst for blood is unseemly. They all die in due time, and are as completely exterminated as the characters in 'Hamlet' or a Custer massacre."

"But this girl is falling in love with the Indian," protested she.

"She has all the symptoms, it must be admitted. And, more than I have told you, in all of their conversations she is continually urging him to save his soul by joining the only true church. Although a model young man in all other respects, Pery has never formally renounced the pagan and pantheistic beliefs of his former life, and Cecilia never wearies of descanting to him upon the joys of being good and burning heretics. Next to working him a pair of slippers and inquiring into his bank account I consider that the surest indication of love that she could offer him."

"Why, a lady might as well love a lap-dog as such an Indian."

"Not so bad as that, Agnes. Don't degrade

Pery into comparison with one of those despicable creatures. Call him a Newfoundland or a St. Bernard if you will, but not a spaniel or a terrier. There was nothing mean about Pery. His affection, though it was the affection of an animal, was a brave and noble devotion, sleepless as the stars themselves, and, when Loredano bent over Cecilia to tear her from her repose, an arrow cleft the air and pinned his ruthless hand to the wall. It would probably have pierced his brain or his heart if he had not been needed for the continuation of the plot; dead villains not being of much use in a book of this kind.

"As may be inferred, Pery was in the vicinity as usual, and as Loredano escaped through the door the Indian swung himself in through the window. First he blew out the candle, which the Italian had lighted, and, closing his eyes with extreme delicacy, he restored the disturbed counterpane to Cecilia's chin. Then he put the room to rights, kissed her tiny shoes which lay upon the carpet, and vanished.

"The conspiracy gains strength and intrenches itself in one wing of Dom Antonio's castle, but its course is checked by that common enemy of all white men, the wild and cannibal Indians. It seems that, in the early part of our story, the noble scion, Dom Diogo, being in playful mood, shot and killed an Indian maiden whom he met in the forest while hunting. Her father and brother, attempting reprisals, lie in wait to seize Cecilia, as she bathes in the river, but they are killed by the faithful and convenient Pery. Then the tribe take the matter up and, glittering in barbaric array, advance upon the doomed house of Antonio, which they assault with horrible cries and swarms of arrows.

"Things are looking dubious within these noble halls, and all hope is despaired of, when Pery seizes a two-handed sword from the armory, waves an eternal adieu to the afflicted family, and leaps through the window, intent upon his own death and their salvation. He drops from an overhanging tree into the camp of the hostiles, killing two as he falls, leans against a rock, works his sword with lightning-like rapidity, and soon builds a rampart of slain before him. The old cacique, a giant in size, advances roaring and swinging his tagapema, a Titanic sort of club stuck with the teeth of wild beasts. Pery's right arm being

weary, he ambidextrously changes his sword to his left hand, and with one sweep clips off the giant's arm, tagapema and all.

"But this was only by-play and the prelude to the coming tragedy. To surrender was his principal object in appearing among them. So he breaks his sword and throws it into the river, and, after several efforts, he succeeds in bending his pride and his knee at the same time, and kneels to receive the prisoner's bonds.

"The most beautiful young woman of the tribe is detailed to wait upon him, and right well does she fulfill her task. She brings him wine, fruit and all the delicacies of the season; he rejects them. She offers her lips in a mute appeal for a kiss; he inhumanly refuses. She tells him, in her poor pantomime, that she loves him, and, cutting his cords, she invites him to fly with her; he respectfully declines.

"It is the custom among the Aymorés, his captors, to slay and eat their prisoners, each person getting a bite, and in a short time the preparations for Pery's barbecue are in progress. The girls hand goblets of wine from mouth to mouth of the warriors. The war-songs are sung. The war-paint is put on. The old women whet the knives of flint and bone, build the fire which is to cook their captive, and clear off the flat rock on which he is to be served.

"Pery noted these arrangements and smiled with satisfaction. He laughs best who laughs last. His scheme was working well. He was now the conquered, but would soon be the conqueror. From a knot in his tunic he untied a package of deadly poison and swallowed it. In a few minutes that would be disseminated through the farthestmost veins of his flesh, and bring sudden death to the anthropophagi who should partake of it. The Aymorés would be exterminated by this act, whose sublime heroism can only be compared to that of the Chinaman who commits suicide on his neighbor's doorstep to get him into trouble.

"The gigantic cacique, to whom the bloody deed of sacrifice falls by right, advances to Pery. The tagapema, covered with plumes and sparkling in the rays of the sun, gyrates above his head and falls with deadly blow upon—

"The ground, and the cacique with it. A shot, fired from the neighboring covert, just in the nick of time, as usual, has killed him. Al-

varo and a few trusty companions appear upon the scene, rescue Pery, and in spite of his protestations, convey him in triumph back to the castle.

"There he tells his story with much blushing and apology. The recital finished, his face undergoes a change. His features are violently contracted. His cheeks become hollow, his lips purple, his teeth unclosed, his hair bristling.

"'The poison!' they cry."

"Cecilia throws herself upon him in agony.

"'Pery! Pery! you must not die! You are just as bad as you can be. If you thought anything of me you wouldn't die.'

"'You wish Pery to live, senhora?' asks the savage.

"'Yes, I want you to live.'

"'Pery will live,' he answers her.

"With a great struggle he recalls his parting strength and plunges into the forest. He is going for a domestic remedy, an antidote, of which his mother has taught him the use, and soon returns restored to health.

"In the next chapter occurs the death of Isabella, the half-breed beauty with the limpid black eyes and brunette complexion, the voluptuous form and the passionate nature. She, poor girl, has led a weary life of it, hated by her father's wife and generally disdained for her taint of Indian blood. She loved Alvaro, and, leaning one day upon his shoulder, like a broken flower upon its stalk, she did not scruple to tell him so in the short and simple three words necessary for that purpose. But he, honorable young man, having promised Dom Antonio to live for Cecilia alone, assures Isabella that a cold and brotherly esteem is all that she can hope for from him. Afterward, however, having learned from Cecilia that a sisterly esteem was all that she had in store for him, he surrenders before the battery of Isabella's black eyes, as almost any of us would, and on the eve of his departure upon his last sortie, from which he comes no more alive, he breathes in her ear those sweetest of all words, *Eu te amo*.

"'Home they brought her warrior dead,' and she had him carried to her chamber and closed the room against the light of day. She lighted the candle before her crucifix, said her last prayer, and drank from its little phial the poison which she had preserved against an hour like this. In one of the sea-shell ornaments of her table she piled a fragrant heap of

resins and perfumes from the forest, the sweet gum of the aroeira, pearls of benzoin, crystalized tears of the embaiba, and drops of that balsam which is the sandal-wood of Brazil.

"These she ignited, and to the effects of the poison she added the sweet and deadly intoxication of their fumes. She leaned over her lover, like another Cleopatra over her dead king Antony, kissing his pallid lips, smoothing his brow, and pouring into his ears the soft prattle of one who was dying for love and whose senses were almost gone. Her nature reveled in the delights of this voluptuous death, and when, in response to the plea which her last words formed, Alvaro whispered 'Isabel!' in reply, her bliss was complete. Joining their lips in one more kiss, they shared their last breath between them, as it is eminently proper that lovers should do."

"Why, wasn't he dead already?" queried Agnes, in amazement.

"I confess that I don't know. That is what I thought, and what the author said. As for this revival, it proves a case of suspended animation, a resurrection, a vision, or a lie, I don't know which.

"The beleaguered household had now come to their last hour. Showers of flaming arrows announced the final assault of the savages. Pery volunteered to save Cecilia, but her father hesitated to trust her in the care of a heathen.

"If you only were a Christian," said he.

"Pery will be a Christian," was the answer.

"This was satisfactory, and the fidalgo baptized him on the spot.

"Cecilia had been lulled to sleep by a narcotic draught administered by her father. With her unconscious form in his arms, Pery escaped to the Paquequer, where his canoe was moored, and paddled down the stream. Turning to look back, he could see, by the light of the conflagration, the form of Loredano writhing at the stake in the midst of the flames and insults to which he had been consigned by the repentant conspirators when they learned that he was a renegade priest and denier of the faith. The front of the building fell and disclosed the interior, where stood Dom Antonio with the crucifix in one hand, and in the other a pistol aimed at the powder magazine. In the explosion which followed, the sky shone red with one great glare, the mountain was torn to its centre, and in the place where it had

stood there yawned a chasm like a volcano's crater, a shower of ashes and rock devastated the surrounding country, and that was the theatrical end of the castle on the Paquaquer. But Cecilia was saved and Pery was happy, in spite of the death of his prospective mother-in-law."

"And does this queer couple really get married, after all?" asked Agnes, half dreading and half wishing for such a catastrophe.

"Not exactly. To bind them with the nuptial tie was a bold stroke which even this adventurous author did not dare to undertake. Besides, there was no priest handy. But he unites them after another fashion and makes them float away together in a tree top on the last page, which according to my idea, is about as comfortable a proceeding as a modern wedding with bridal tour and baggage."

"How was it? Tell me how it was," demanded Agnes.

"When Cecilia returned to consciousness she was far down the River Parahyba, on her way to Rio, whither Pery had promised to take her. First she piously dropped a tear over her dead family, and then she shuddered to find herself alone with an unbeliever; but when Pery told her the glad tidings that he had been converted, she was reconciled to her position. Reconciled, did I say? She was delighted with it and loth to leave it.

"For now she sees Pery in all his majesty of an Indian chief in his native wildwood, where the mountains, the clouds, cataracts, rivers and trees are the throne, canopy, robe and sceptre of his royalty. She sees this majestic individual her devoted slave, serving her with a faithful ardor which touches her heart, and, as is very natural, she loves him for it. More than that, she tells him so, not in explicit words, but by means of those indirect proposals with which women so well know how to encourage bashful lovers. But when Pery, emboldened, is about to bluntly announce himself as her suitor, she coyly closes his mouth with her tiny hand and says, with a divine smile:

"No, you are my brother."

"Our young couple go a-gypsysing in the most approved style. Floating down the river in their canoe, she culls the lilies, plays with the fish, and spies her pretty face in the mirror of the waters. Landing, she coquet-

tishly pushes the boat adrift and tells Pery that she will not go to Rio, where she will be separated from him by the conventionalities of society, but wishes to remain with him in his forest home and be, like him, a child of nature.

"'But, senhora,' he very practically suggests, 'do you not see that your hands are made for the flowers, and not for the thorns; your feet to play, and not to travel; your body for the shade, and not for the sun and rain?'

"'Oh, I am strong,' she replies. 'By your side I have no fear. If I grow weary,' she says, bravely, 'you can carry me in your arms.'

"Then she persuades him to cut her some moccasins from the skins of wild animals and to gather cotton with which to make her a substantial trousseau.

"Wherever they stop for the night Cecilia finds a natural palace fit for the woodland queen that she has become. The trees are her roof, the greensward is her carpet, the leaves are her pavilion, the flowery garlands her curtains, the *sabiás* her musicians, the water her mirror, the sunshine her gilded ceiling. When he leaves her to go for food, Pery gathers aromatic woods and builds a cordon of fragrant fires around her retreat to guard her from venomous animals and troublesome insects. Returning, he spreads before her a repast composed of wild honey and all of the fruits of the season, such as the *araça* and the *jambo*, the *ingá* and the *coco*. For wine he gives her a leafy goblet filled with the juice of the pineapple, and for a finger-bowl a similar cup of water from the river. Could any empress in search of rural felicity ask for better service? Could any bride expect a sweeter honeymoon than this?

"But it was too good to last, and this *festa campestre* came to grief, as so many other picnics have done—in a rain-storm. It was more than a rain—it was a deluge. One night as Cecilia lay softly sleeping and the wakeful Pery watched by her side, a terrible moaning sound, as of the elements in distress, foreboded the tempest that was near. The distant outline of the Organ Mountains was lost in banks and columns of ominous cloud. Even while he looked and listened, the first onset of the cataclysm, a white and phosphorescent wave of water, came roaring through the forest with a sound as of thunder echoing in

mountain clefts. It was too late to fly, so, with the sleeping Cecilia in his arms, Pery climbed to the top of a palm-tree by the river's side. What a climber he must have been!

"Torrent after torrent descended from the adjacent mountains, where the storm was raging; wave after wave swept over the broad valley; tree after tree disappeared from sight as it was covered by the rising sea, until, as far as eye could reach, there was nothing but a white and dashing expanse of water, in the centre of which, like a little green island in the ocean, stood the lofty palm-tree in which the fugitive lovers had taken refuge.

"Still the water rose until they felt its spray dash upon them.

"'We shall die,' said Cecilia, in sublime resignation.

"'No, we shall not die,' Pery assured her, and for her encouragement he related to her the story of Noah, as it was understood among the Indian tribes of Brazil.

"'It was long, long ago, in the times of old. The rain fell and commenced to cover the earth. The people went up to the tops of the mountains; all but one man, who remained in the lowlands with his wife.

"'This was Tamandaré; strong among the strong; the wisest of all. The Lord spoke to him in the night; and in the day he told his tribe what he had learned from Heaven.

"'When all went up into the mountains he said: 'Remain with me; do as I do, and let the water come.'

"'The others would not listen to him, and went up on high, and left him alone in the valley with his companion, who would not desert him.

"'Tamandaré took his wife in his arms and climbed into the tuft of a palm-tree; there he waited for the water to come and go; the palm-tree yielded them fruit for their food.

"'The water came, swelled, and increased; the sun set and rose, one, two, three times. The earth disappeared; the trees disappeared; the mountains disappeared.

"'The water touched the heavens, and then the Lord ordered it to stop. The sun, rising, saw only sky and water, and, between the water and the sky, the palm-tree which was floating with Tamandaré and his companion.

"'The currents had washed away the earth, had torn up the tree, had risen with it above

the valley, above the forest, above the mountains.

"All were dead. The water touched the sky during three days and three nights; then it fell—fell until the earth was free again.

"When day came, Tamandaré saw that the palm-tree was planted in the middle of the valley.

"He descended with his companion and peopled the earth."

"This tradition ended, Pery, as if to prove himself a new Noah, nerved himself for an action which the author justly characterizes as heroic, stupendous, and superhuman. Indeed, it is doubtful if it has any parallel in either fiction or history, if we except the case of the man who lifted himself over the fence by his boot-straps."

"Suspending himself in the cipós, or vines, which were hanging from the tree, he grasped the trunk in his arms and attempted to uproot it. Three times his muscles of steel were vainly strained in this mad contest of life against matter, man against the earth, force against inertia; but in the fourth effort, concentrating all his strength, he conquered.

"The palm-tree floated and was carried away by the impetuous torrent.

"And was lost in the horizon.

"And this, my dear Agnes," concluded the narrator, "is all that we know of the tragic end of the Guarany and his bride."

"Poor thing!" said the sympathetic Agnes.

"And she had no waterproof either."

FRANK D. Y. CARPENTER.

Recent Literature.

The best book of an author is sometimes one which he never intended for publication. And there are not a few, we think, who will consider that remark not wholly inapplicable to a pair of writers who, within a year or two, have gone to their graves, leaving behind them works which have made their names famous. These men of renown, separated by three thousand miles of ocean, for nearly forty years exchanged frequently letters which have just now seen the light, and the two volumes which contain them—*The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson**—make one of the most fascinating books the year has produced or is likely to produce. In 1833, Emerson, on his first visit to England, already attracted by what he had read from the pen of Carlyle, who had as yet hardly received a token of recognition from his contemporaries, went to Craigenputtock, the little out-of-the-way hill-farm where Carlyle then lived, according to his own description, "the solitary, stranded, most helpless creature." The two young men fell in love with each other at once. Two days after Emerson went away, he was described in a letter written by Carlyle to his mother, as "one of the most lovable creatures in himself we had ever looked on." And a week after his visit, Emerson, writing to a friend, said of Carlyle, "I loved him very much

at once." This affection appeared to know no diminution as time went on, and was kept alive by frequent interchange of letters, which, whether as pictures of the writers, of their surroundings, or of the times in which they lived, are delightful. Carlyle writes in English, dropping very seldom into Carlylese, and his cynical comments on people and things are amusing. Of publishers he had no very high opinion. Fraser, of the Magazine, figures as "a punctual but most pusillanimous mortal," and an excellent New York publisher, one of the most honorable of men, as "that rascal Appleton." The World's Fair of 1851 is described as "The Wind-dust-ry of all Nations, involving everything in one inane tornado. Such a sanhedrim of windy fools from all countries of the globe were surely never gathered in one city before." Emerson is warmly urged to come again to England, where he "shall see blockheads by the million." In 1839, Carlyle writes that "a certain W. Gladstone, an Oxford crack Scholar, Tory M. P., and devout Churchman of great talent and hope, has contrived to insert a piece of you (Emerson) in a work of his on *Church and State*, which makes some figure at present! I know him for a solid, serious, silent-minded man: but how with his Coleridge Shovel-Hattism he has contrived to relate himself to you—there is the mystery." This is Carlyle's portrait of Alfred Tennyson in 1844: "One of the finest looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright,

* *The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson*, 1834-1872. Second Edition, 2 vols. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company. 1883.

laughing, hazel eyes; massive aquiline face—most massive yet most delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free and easy; smokes infinite tobacco." An obscure American is embalmed in a sentence of Carlyle: "Did you ever hear the name of an aged or elderly fantastic fellow-citizen of yours, called J. Lee Bliss, who designates himself O. F. and A. K.—i. e., Old Fogey and Amiable Kuss?" In Emerson's letters appear every where the sweetness of his nature. That every one who knew him loved him, can hardly be surprising. There is pathos as he writes of the loss of his young brother and little son, and tender are the words of consolation offered by Carlyle. During our Civil War the correspondence almost ceased. That was a subject on which the friends were wide as the poles asunder. With the return of peace, letters became more frequent, and in 1871 Emerson writes: "I read gladly in your letters some relenting toward America." A model editor is Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, and his part of the book is done with rare tact, discretion and modesty. There are etchings of Carlyle in 1846, and Emerson in 1857, and the two volumes are a beautiful piece of book-making, with unexceptionable paper and typography, and binding in admirable taste. The complete index is something to be thankful for.

"I have to tell you one very wonderful thing indeed, which brought a sort of tears into my eyes," wrote Mrs. Carlyle to her husband in August, 1838. "The first money from F. V. (*French Revolution*) is come to hand in the shape of a bill of exchange for fifty pounds, inclosed in a short business letter from Emerson." This is the first of several references to Emerson in the just published *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*,* edited by Mr. James Anthony Froude. The work is entirely made up of her letters, with a brief extract from her journal, which she kept, notwithstanding Charles Buller, in speaking to her of the Duchess of Praslin's murder, remarked, "What could a poor fellow do with a wife who kept a journal but murder her?" Mrs. Carlyle wrote with admirable ease, freedom, point and spirit. Her English is excellent, and her fund of humor considerable. The letters and journal are published with the consent of Carlyle, and it was a brave thing for him to give that consent, since they depict him in a decidedly unfavorable light. His whims and bad temper were hard to bear. For the wife who had married him against the advice of her friends, who had worked for him

like a servant, and borne with him poverty and suffering, he had no caresses, no loving words. "A glacier on a mountain," testifies Miss Jewsbury, "would have been as human a companionship." Too late Carlyle became aware how illy he had requited the self-sacrificing affection of such a wife. And it seems to have been remorse that led him to collect these letters and acquiesce in Mr. Froude's expressed intention of publishing them after Mr. Carlyle's death. They are annotated throughout by Mr. Carlyle, with a few additional judicious notes by Mr. Froude. The book is a deeply interesting record of a sterling woman, who deserved, if ever woman did, the tribute engraved, by her husband's order, on her tombstone, that she had "a clearness of discernment and a noble loyalty of heart which are rare." The frontispiece is a portrait of her in her youth.

In the admirable series of *American Statesmen* we have taken occasion to point out the merits of Professor Sumner's "Jackson," Mr. Adams' "Randolph," and President Gilman's "Monroe." And a worthy companion of these excellent books is *Thomas Jefferson*,* by Mr. John T. Morse, Jr. Its opening sentences are a fair index of the entertaining way in which it is written. "Little more than a century ago a civilized nation without an aristocracy was a pitiful spectacle, scarcely to be witnessed in the civilized world. The American colonists, having brought no dukes and barons with them to the rugged wilderness, felt in some sort under a moral compulsion to set up an imitation of the genuine creatures, and as their best makeshift in the emergency, they ennobled, in a kind of local fashion, the richer Virginian planters. These gentlemen were not without many qualifications for playing the agreeable part assigned to them; they gambled recklessly over cards and at the horse-racings and cock-fightings which formed their chief pleasures; they caroused to excess at taverns and at each other's houses; they were very extravagant, very lazy, very arrogant, and fully persuaded of their superiority over their fellows, whom they felt it their duty and their privilege to direct and govern; they had large landed estates, and preserved the custom of entailing them in favor of eldest sons; they were great genealogists, and steeped in family pride; they occupied houses which were very capacious, and noted for unlimited hospitality, but which were also ill-kept and barren; they were fond of field sports, and were admirable horsemen; they respected the code of honor, and quarreled and let blood, as gentlemen

* *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*. Prepared for publication by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude. Two volumes in one. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

* *American Statesmen.—Thomas Jefferson*. By John T. Morse, Jr. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1883.

should; they were generous, courageous and high-spirited; a few of them were liberally educated and well read." There are dull fools who will take offense at this sketch of the F. F. V's, but it seems quite of a piece with Jefferson's own account of the reasons potential with Congress for cutting short the debate on the Declaration of Independence. "The debate," he said, "seemed as though it might run on interminably, and probably would have done so at a different season of the year. But the weather was oppressively warm, and the room occupied by the deputies was hard by a stable, whence the hungry flies swarmed thick and fierce, alighting on the legs of the delegates and biting hard through their thin silk stockings. Treason was preferable to discomfort, and the members voted for the Declaration and hastened to the table to sign it and escape from the horse-fly." Thus Jefferson saw his momentous document signed at the close of that summer afternoon. "He had acted as undertaker for the royal colonies, and as midwife for the United States of America." But this lively and readable style never descends to flippancy, and does not prevent Mr. Morse from treating his subject in a very fair and well-considered manner. Jefferson, it appears to us, is done ample justice, and is placed on a pedestal neither too high nor too low. In his controversy with Hamilton he is set in a decidedly unfavorable light, but no more unfavorable than he deserves. And if Jefferson, in his exaggeration of democratic simplicity, appears in this book a trifle ridiculous, it is because his conduct was really absurd in the eyes of all sensible men. Upon the whole, the Jefferson is a performance which may safely be commended as a valuable contribution to the series of which it is a part.

To write a history of fifty millions of people from the broadest generalizations of their government and laws to the most recondite details of their customs, amusements, inventions and literature; to chronicle a progress unique and unexampled among the nations of the earth for its vicissitudes, celerity and the magnificence of its achievements—in fine, to do for this country what the historian Greene has done for England, implies a confidence born either of audacity or knowledge. Yet this is the task which Mr. John Bach McMaster has undertaken in *A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War*.*

* *A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War*. By John Bach McMaster. In 5 volumes. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1883.

Mr. McMaster has been charged in many quarters with being a young man, an accusation which he has attempted neither to palliate nor deny. That, together with his position as Professor of Engineering in Princeton College, has seemed to many to be two good reasons why his History should fall short of its great model. But the work itself is the best refutation of the charge of inexperience or unfitness. According to a story which comes to us on good authority, when the author took his manuscript to its present publishers, they sought to confirm their good opinion by submitting it to a bench of historical experts. In this they were unsuccessful. There was "a general union of total dissent." They said the author was violating all the canons, and brought forward elaborate testimony to prove the indictment. In spite of their objections, however, the head of the house concluded to take the risk. The book was published, and in those particulars against which the harshest animadversions of the experts were directed, it has found the most favor with the critics and the reading public. The author proposes five volumes to bring his History down to the Civil War. The first volume—the only one as yet published—covers a period of about six years, or from the Revolution to the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1790. It will be seen, therefore, that his treatment of the events of the present century must be less detailed than his preliminary work. Mr. McMaster appears to greatest advantage as an historical writer of the modern school in the first chapter. The state of America in 1784 is presented in a series of pictures vivid and dramatic enough to inspire the greatest admiration of the author's methods and material. The homely everyday life of the people throughout the States, their occupations and amusements, the minister, the doctor, the schoolmaster, the urbanities of the provinces and the provincialism of the town, extracted from letters, diaries and papers of the time, make up a narrative as fascinating as a romance. It is not so much the novelty of the things described which we admire as familiarity in conjunction with the broad view which he gives us of the beginnings of a great people. The transition in succeeding chapters to the strife of politics, though inevitable, robs the narrative of picturesque elements, which not even the author's skill in handling his material can supply. In writing now of the affairs of the Refugees of 1785, of the alarm excited by the Society of the Cincinnati, of the animosities of Whigs and Tories, of the impost and paper-money rebellions and the thousand and one interstate jealousies and bickerings, Mr. McMaster has set himself an ungrateful task. The

most that can be said of his performance is that it is conscientious and impartial. The story is told in the words of the actors. The letters which they wrote to the *Gazettes* and *Packets* exhibit the men and measures of that period in no very favorable light. If space could be afforded it would be possible to cite eloquent examples of Mr. McMaster's mature and trenchant style. His estimates of the character of Paine, Hamilton, Clinton and Franklin are sagacious and in the main conform to the consensus of posterity. Where he differs from that verdict his grounds are plainly stated and difficult to impugn. The first volume closes with the adoption of the Federal Constitution. As Mr. McMaster approaches times within the memory of men now living and recalls issues not yet passed out of sight, he may expect criticism more or less hostile from his contemporaries. That he is prepared for this and will prove a formidable antagonist with his own weapons seems assured by what he has already accomplished in a sufficiently difficult field.

So unanimous and decided has been the judgment of condemnation passed by historians upon Bothwell, the third husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, that it must be a bold man who undertakes to defend him. Yet this courageous step has been taken by General John Watts de Peyster in a *Justification of Bothwell*,* a handsomely made book, printed for private circulation. In this undertaking General de Peyster has neither partner nor predecessor in the English language, although a clear-headed German, Dr. Petrick, in a pamphlet of some fifty pages, published in 1874, has not hesitated to declare that Bothwell has been the victim of falsehood, calumny, enmity, jealousy and other still meaner passions. It is only after a careful study of a small library of works that General de Peyster arrives at the conclusion that Bothwell's crime was failure, and that his loyalty, bravery, patriotism and ability cannot be successfully impugned. Prescott used to say that if he met Philip II. in the other world, that king would have nothing to say to him. But Bothwell could not fail to give a hearty greeting to the writer who has so generously come forward to his defense. In the course of the argument some historical fictions are thoroughly exploded by the author of the "Justification." One of these is that James I. had the Castle of Fotheringay, the place of his mother's execution, razed to the ground. The fact is, that not a stone of it was disturbed

until the year James died, and then only because the castle was sold and the purchaser removed it to another locality. Much of the mystery attending the last years of Bothwell is here cleared up. There are portraits of the author, of Queen Mary, and views of Bothwell Castle and other places connected with the subject.

We are indebted to the medical profession for some of the most brilliant and original literary work of our time. Think of Dr. Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year" and "Diary of a Physician;" of Dr. John Brown's "Rab and his Friends," and other delightful tales and essays; and at home of the wit and learning Dr. O. W. Holmes has put into verse and prose. Now comes from Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, this charming book of poetry.

The Hill of Stones,† the longest poem, and from which the book takes its name, is a "Legend of Fontainebleau," and tells of a proud and beautiful queen, whose castle stood upon one of its wooded hills. Stern and cold, she rejected all lovers, and as they went, despairing from her presence, turned them for their presumption into shapeless stones, until the hill-side was strewn with her victims. But at length comes a Christian Knight with a song of Christ upon his lips, and with him her anger avails not.

Taking the lady by the finger-tips, while her maidens slowly follow her, and the flowers droop and the fountains cease their play as they pass, he leads her to the hill-side:

"Behold morn waketh," said the knight; 'no more,
No more for you shall any morning wake;
I charge you, look along yon valley drear.'
Thereon, she silent raised her head and gazed
Adown the hill-side, thick with deathful stones,
And felt in heart and vein the pulsing blood,
Stand still and curdle. So the hand he held
Stayed pointing down the valley; and he leapt
Across the ring of cold and moveless forms,
And walked in wonder down the mountain side,
And she and they stayed waiting on the hill
In endless horror gazing evermore—
A tumbled heap of dreary rocks that lay
About the statue of their stony queen."

If "The Hill of Stones" suggests Tennyson's "Princess," its brief story is quite as dramatic as that of the "Medley," and its verse flows with similar smoothness.

All who have wept—and who has not?—for Arthur's queen, penitent but hopeless in the convent at Almesbury, will thank Dr. Mitchell for his tender poem, "The Shriving of Guinevere,"

* *An Inquiry into the Career and Character of Mary Stuart and a Justification of Bothwell*. By J. Watts de Peyster ("Anchor"). New York, 1883.

† *The Hill of Stones and other Poems*. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1883.

and bless the thought that gave her divine aid and consolation.

Pleasant as are these old world stories of kings and queens, Dr. Mitchell is a true American, and at his best when his theme relates to his own land. "How the Cumberland went down" is a stirring lyric; and elegiac poetry has few finer stanzas than these from "Herndon":

"Ay, weep for him whose noble soul
Is with the God who made it great;
But weep not for so roud a death—
We could not spare so grand a fate.

Nor could Humanity resign
That hour which bade her heart beat high,
And blazoned Duty's stainless shield,
And set a star in Honor's sky."

And what love for the woods and hills is in "Elk County" and "Camp-fire Lyrics!" What enthusiasm for nature in all her moods! In his "Hepzibah Guinness," published some three years since, a collection of stories in prose, drawn from old Philadelphia, there are descriptions of street scenes and interiors, whose tints are so vivid they might have been laid on with brush and palette. The same love of color is shown in these poems, from their studies of paintings by famous masters—studies which, read by the imagination, glow like the canvas of which they tell—to those of nature's pictures of forest and lake and mountain. Here is a bit from "After Sunset" that shimmers like an opal:

"While far, far away to the eastward
One vast fading glory of scarlet—
A color that seems as if living—
Possesses the sky like a passion.

For the blue that was blue on the mountain,
Seen deep in the heart of the water,
Hath the touch of some blessing upon it—
Some strangeness of purity in it,
Like color that shall be in heaven."

Were we to select the poem that seems to us the rarest and most beautiful in the book, it would be "A Camp in Three Lights," the wood-fire, the aurora borealis and the moon:

"Against the darkness sharply lined
Our still white tents gleamed overhead,
And dancing, cones of shadow cast
When sudden flashed the camp-fire red.

Where fragrant hummed the moist swamp-spruce,
And tongues unknown the cedar spoke,
While half a century's silent growth
Went up in cheery flame and smoke.

Pile on the logs! A flickering spire
Of ruby flame the birch-bark gives,
And as we track its leaping sparks,
Behold, in heaven the Northlight lives!

An arch of deep, supremest blue,
A band above of silver shade,
Where, like the frost work's crystal spears,
A thousand lances grow and fade,
Or shiver, touched with palest tints
Of pink and blue, and changing die,
Or toss in one triumphant blaze
Their golden banners up the sky,
With faint, swift, silken murmurings,
A noise as of an angel's flight,
Heard like the whispers of a dream
Across the cool, clear northern night.
Our pipes are out; the camp-fire fades;
The wild, auroral ghost-lights die;
And stealing up the distant wood
The moon's white spectre floats on high,
And, lingering, sets in awful light
A blackened pine-tree's ghastly cross,
Then swiftly pays in silver white
The faded fire, the aurora's loss."

An exquisite poem; but why, when it was in the heavens, does Dr. Mitchell bring it down with "pays in silver white" to the level of the market? His liking for sharp contrasts, and for odd, even grotesque fancies, sometimes mars thus his most impressive effects. This is seen in "Night—Lake Helen," where the thoughts that come as

"Betwixt two worlds I drift,
A bodiless soul again,"

are at once banished by

"the paddles' noise
And the camp-fire's honest light."

If this little book should only find its way to those who think gratefully of Dr. Mitchell as a physician, it would have a wide circle of readers. But, on its own merits, it will be welcome to all lovers of poetry, and we wish him yet many summers of leisure for camp-fire lyrics and old-world pictures.

Miss Mary Healy, a daughter of the well-known artist, G. P. A. Healy, has written another novel, *A Mere Caprice*,* which bids fair to be, like her previous novels, a decided success. Her purpose in this, her latest production, seems to have been to contrast French frivolity and social intrigue with the trueheartedness and simplicity of the maiden heroine. The Baroness Olga, widow of the great banker Schneefeld, adopts the daughter of an obscure peasant woman, who dies a few days after its birth. The interest of the story centres around this child, who is named Marca by the Baroness. The plot is well conceived and skillfully constructed. The author's style is forcible and direct, free from affected subtleties or morbid self-consciousness. She moralizes, but not as if she had created the incident for the sake of the after-reflection. In her criticisms of

* *A Mere Caprice*.—Mary Healy. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1882.

pictures it is plain that she writes understandingly. Yet as she puts the criticisms in the mouth of Marca, there is no intrusion of purely technical knowledge of art. In describing Joan Nariskane in his painting-room, Miss Healy uses her pen like an artist's brush—treating the surroundings with scrupulous

care to heighten the strength of the man's individuality. There are many evidences of a fine poetic feeling; the interest is admirably sustained; the pathos suggestive rather than demonstrative; and the sad termination is a powerful argument against the social conditions of Paris in this century.

Town Talk.

Two generations back, when Southern gentlemen were more given to bragging than they now think consistent with good taste, several of them, in the presence of Daniel Webster, were dilating with much self-complacency on the rich products of the sunny South. Webster listened to the talk for some time in silence, until one of the party half-tauntingly asked him what his native State—New Hampshire—produced. The answer put an end to further questions, for Webster responded, in his most impressive manner, "Men." And this is certainly the best and greatest product of any soil. The lines which every school-boy learns he finds the truer the older he grows. "What constitutes a state?" so runs the verse. And the poet answers "Men." For some reason, however, this is a kind of fruit which great cities yield but sparsely. Whether there is in the atmosphere of a populous town something which acts unfavorably on human character, the fact remains, that it is only once in a great while that either of the leading capitals of the world can show a citizen who, born and bred within its limits, and spending there a long life, both raises himself to distinction and shows that test of perfect manhood—a character which begets wide reverence and affection. If the city of New York has had such a citizen, it is a just matter of pride with those who love her and desire her pre-eminence. If a New Yorker born wished to magnify the city of his birth, how better could he make right-thinking people esteem the place of his abode than by telling what manner of men that place developed? Yet, as those who speak well of themselves or their belongings have generally incredulous hearers, it is not improbable that they who believe with Cowper, that "God made the country and man made the town," would lack faith in a story which such a New Yorker might possibly tell. He might say that there was born in New York one who, growing up within it, received there all the training which molded his character. That, poor and obscure, he worked diligently to better his condition, and, when the savings by his frugal living justified such a step, embarked in business on his own account. That his business prospered greatly and he accu-

mulated wealth. But when his day of prosperity arrived, he thought not of expending his riches in luxury or personal display, but rather in affording to others the advantages which had been denied him in his youth. That in providing those advantages he sought not to do something to perpetuate his name, but only to be helpful to others who had yet to make their way in the world. That like all of human kind, he found those who betrayed his confidence, but this weakened not his faith in his fellow-men. That as years came on, there was no hardening of the heart, no acerbity of manner or of disposition. That reaching nearly a century of life he was to the end active and welcome everywhere. And that at last he was laid in the grave with such universal respect and affection that rich and poor, young and old alike, spoke well of him. He who in years to come shall tell this story will have told but the simple truth, and will honor himself, if he adds that Manhattan Island has produced nothing of which she has more reason to be proud than Peter Cooper.

"That praises are without reason lavished on the dead," is the remark with which Doctor Johnson begins his preface to Shakespeare. The sententious doctor would have been able to make aptly the remark, if he had witnessed, less than a month ago, the honor paid to the bones of one who has been dead for more than thirty years, and whose sole claim to recollection is that he wrote one little song. John Howard Payne, it is probable, had in his lifetime yearnings for posthumous fame, yet if anyone had asked him which work of his he would like best to live, it is doubtful if he would have answered, "Home, Sweet Home." In truth, it is barely mediocre poetry. Roaming "mid pleasures and palaces" is a pretty alliterative jingle, but rather doubtful English. One might be pardoned for saying that the whole poem is a trifle flabby. The words are married to an air which is melodious, after a fashion, but almost bald in its simplicity. The words and air have been sung so much that it might reasonably have been supposed they would long since have been

sung to death. Murdered by those who knew not how to sing, made mawkish by those who were unable to express sentiment, the little song has survived all sorts of ill-treatment, and after three-score years and ten, with it the best and poorest singer alike evoke applause. Its vitality shows the magic that lies in a single English word—a word which perhaps has no equivalent in any other language. What combination of four letters in our English tongue awakens such sweet and tender recollections as "home"? There cluster around it with nearly all those who have reached middle age delicious memories of "life's morning march when their bosom was young." Speak but of home, and, as if by an enchanter's wand, there rises before us the vivid enjoyment of bygone years and many long buried with whom we have shared them. It was the happy fortune of Payne to link his name with this bewitching word, and people feel grateful to him for giving them frequently a reminder of so pleasant a thing. It is an amusing feature of Payne's fame that doubts have been expressed as to whether he ever wrote the words of the song. A significant sentence, published during Washington Irving's life over his signature, runs thus: "Mr. Payne knows who the real author of 'Home, Sweet Home,' is." Payne, it is certain, saw this innuendo, but never replied to it. And to the song he owed the best place he ever had. Shiftless and improvident, he never had a regular income, until Daniel Webster, solely because he believed Payne to have written the song, had him appointed Consul at Tunis.

A philosopher might be forgiven for asking why the remains of Payne were not left in their original place of interment. By the care of the government in whose service he died, a decent monument marked the place of his sepulture at Tunis, and a painted window in the chancel of a Protestant church hard by his grave kept him in further commemoration. The reinterment of his remains is due, like the survival of his song, to tender recollections. Mr. Corcoran remembered with what zest he, in his boyhood, saw Payne, then also a boy, act in an old frame theatre in Washington, and how later he became personally acquainted with the actor he so much admired. And so he does homage to the glad days of his youth by transporting across the ocean the bones of Payne and laying them reverently in the soil of his native land.

Just now there are, as about the same time of year for many years past there have been, in New York, some of the best abused men of their generation. These gentlemen are the Hanging

Committee of the National Academy of Design. The members of this committee have each season so many hard words said about them, that it would not be wonderful if some of them hanged themselves. Every artist whose picture is rejected, or hung above or below the lice, or in a bad light, is ready to make his affidavit that his misfortune is due to the spite of some enemy on the Hanging Committee. And so these gentlemen always work very hard and get little but curses for their pains. This year the usual outcry has been made, while at the same time the Exhibition has been declared one of the poorest ever seen. Picture-buyers do not seem to have been of the latter opinion, since in the first three days of the Exhibition, the sum received for pictures sold was more than twice that ever received in the same time before at an Academy Exhibition. The fact is that the Exhibition is a good one. The older artists have, with few exceptions, sustained their reputation and the younger men show constant improvement.

It is interesting to compare this Exhibition with that of the rival Society of American Artists. This young society began life very few years ago with a considerable flourish of trumpets. It was a "new style" its members presented. They had learned a secret of painting of which the older American artists were quite ignorant. Their fine original thoughts were not to be frittered away by excessive manipulation. Some of their productions the ignorant called daubs, and declared they could make nothing of them. But they hooted at the idea that art is a language and that the function of language is to express thought. If their pictures could not be understood by the observer, so much the worse for the observer.

Yet after less than half a dozen years nearly all this "bounce" has departed. The members of the Society of American Artists condescend to express their thoughts clearly, and it is found that they have thoughts worth expressing, which are well expressed. The two exhibitions substantially resemble each other, and the one is in fact a counterpart of the other.

In looking at this multitude of pictures and considering those rejected, it is easy to appreciate the folly of those critics who find fault with artists for painting constantly the same class of subjects. If any person can do one thing well, he does wisely to stick by it, if he means to live by his profession. For picture dealers, who play so large a part at present in finding a market for artists, will have a painting in the style by which the artist has become known, and in no other. If a man, therefore, paints for bread, what can he do but follow the lead of the picture dealers?

Salmagundi.

THE RIBBON SHE GAVE ME.

I.

She gave me a ribbon
With daisies all blowing
And glowing
In golden
Embroidery on it.
"Marguerites for a sonnet,
Go, write, beg or crib one
And pay for the ribbon,
I give you."
So saying
She hid the fair token
In the crown of my bonnet.
T'was a hat
But then that
Would not do for a sonnet.

II.

And so my heart's broken
Entirely with trying
And crying
All over
For words fit to show her
The love that I owe her.
But as for her ribbon
Its memory will live on
Long after
The rafter
And thatch 'tis adorning.
Is dust under daisies,
Real daisies,
Field daisies,
That bloom every morning.

—I. M. AGASER.

ODE TO THE DUDE.

Tell me, oh paradox inscrutable,
With features rigid and immutable,
How shall I find for thee a suitable
Cognomen?
With elbows bent and slightly elevate,
With figure willowy and invertebrate,
As through the street thou dost perambulate,
What art thou?

That hat with curliest of curly brims,
Those gorgeous eyeglasses with golden rims,
That painful springhalt in thy lower limbs;
What mean they?

That visage vacuous, that stony stare,
That fearfully and wonderfully banged hair,
That very haughty and disdainful air:
Whence come they?

Archetype art thou of the toys of Crandall,
With rivet joints and with a wooden handle,
Turned loose upon the town by some rude vandal,
Or art thou not?

Or hast thou left some waxwork exhibition
In a bereaved and comfortless condition,
Because the niche where once thou took'st position
Is vacant?

A model from the region of old clo'ses,
Stiff with long standing in the halls of Moses
In tiresome and uncomfortable poses?
Or if not, what?

"Excuse me—er— Did you—er—speak to me?
Ah, weally, now! how jolly!" answered he.
"What am I? er— Why, deah me, don't you see?
I am a Dude."

—GUY HERNE.

It was in an elevated railway carriage. A passenger was seen smoking and requested to stop it by the guard. "The company permits me to smoke," said the passenger and he pointed to a placard, "No smoking allowed." "But that forbids smoking," answered the guard. "Not at all," replied the passenger; "it says 'No smoking allowed,' which, as I take it, means that we are allowed to smoke or not to smoke, as we choose. The company does not insist on our smoking, but grants us leave to travel without smoking if we like. If the company had intended to prohibit smoking, it would have said, 'Smoking is not allowed.'" This logic, however, had no effect on the guard, and the passenger had to put out his cigar.

But companies—railway and others—have frequently displayed ingenuity in making them-

selves misunderstood. It is Dean Alford who relates that the following lucid notice to engine-drivers was exhibited at an English railway station: "Hereafter, when trains moving in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be required to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be very careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other."

To have in a language a word made from your patronymic seems as likely a way as any to keep your name alive. But whether such a form of perpetuity is desirable depends upon the meaning attached to the word. There was Eldridge Gerry, Vice-President of the United States and Governor of Massachusetts, as honorable a man as ever lived, and who valued highly his well-won reputation. It happened that while he was Governor, there was carried by the members of his party in the Legislature a bill which made a very dishonest allotment of the counties in the State among the Congressional districts. His opponents maintained that he was the secret promoter of the allotment, although it is certain he not only had nothing to do with, but strongly disapproved of it. But some ingenious man called the act of the Legislature a "gerrymander." The mud flung so long ago has stuck, and Gerry has come down to posterity with his name tacked to a word which signifies a dishonorable action.

It was a Georgia man who supplied another disreputable word to the English language, but he has been justly commemorated in that fashion. "Bogus" is found in Webster, who defines it as "spurious, a cant term originally applied to counterfeit (American)." William A. Bogus was years ago a land lottery commissioner in Georgia. He proved himself a rascal by issuing fraudulent land rights, and was caught in his rascality. Thus this obscure Georgia scamp secured himself a place in the dictionary.

The mention of Louis Philippe in this number recalls a practical joke which was played on him just after he became king. He was bound to make himself popular, and was therefore for a time very accessible. Edward Ourliac, a literary Bohemian of the period, and fond of fun, took advantage of the royal craving for popularity. Bearing in his hand a tricolor flag, he marched for several days successively at the head of a troop of ragamuffins to the Tuileries. The motley crew, taking up position under the windows of the palace, shouted with all its might, "*Vive le Roi!*" and Louis Philippe, delighted at this evidence of the regard in which the people held him, stepped out on the

balcony and acknowledged the honor done him. His appearance was the signal for loud cries for the "*Marseillaise*," and he could get rid of his admirers in no way save by singing a verse of the song. This kind of thing went on for several days, when the new monarch began to smell a rat. And so one morning when Ourliac and his band appeared they were politely escorted away from the palace by a detachment of police, and informed that any further attentions of the kind they had paid his majesty for several days previous, would make them acquainted with a police court.

HOW FARRAGUT FARADAY WENT A-FISHING.

A-fishing young Farragut Faraday went
One morning without the paternal consent,
He was bubbling all over with glee.
"I'll show all the people," said he,
"That I can bring home a most wonderful catch,
And that not a boy in the town is my match
At fishing."

He stealthily crept through the back garden gate,
Completely equipped with his tackle and bait.

Said he, "I shall catch without doubt
A fine mess of speckled brook trout,
Some large yellow perch and some excellent catfish,
Pickerel, mackerel, flounders and flatfish,
A few fine black bass, and, perhaps, a big eel,
Enough to supply the whole town with a meal,
By fishing."

He first caught—his heel on the side of the boat,
Thus proving his skill before fairly afloat.

He next "caught a crab" with his oar;
His line caught a tree on the shore;
He caught a bad cold from having wet feet,
And his trousers he caught on a nail in the seat—
Of the boat; and as 'gainst the stream he was
rowing up

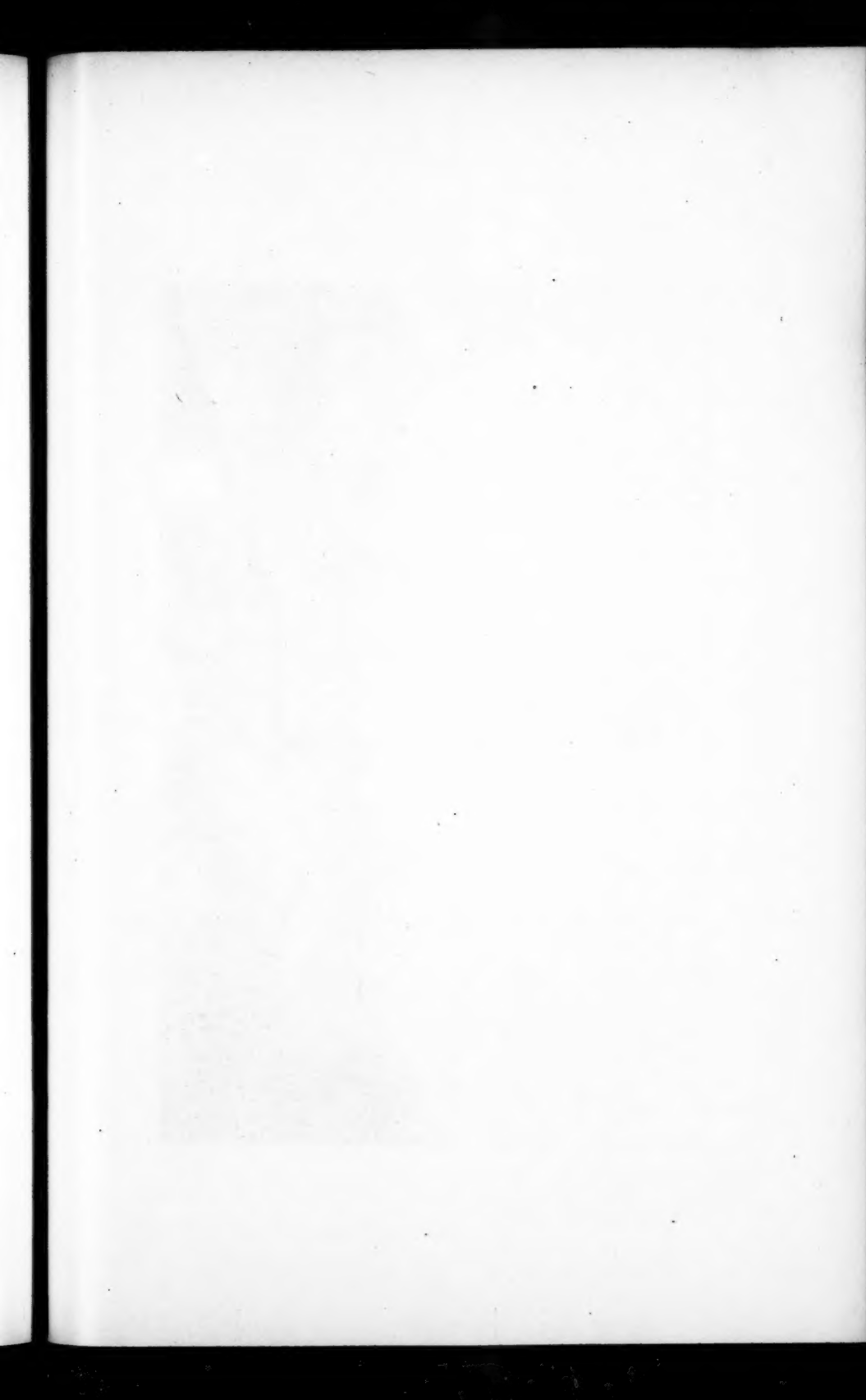
He caught from a bargee a terrible blowing up.
But though he got mad, and thought it was hard
Kind of luck, yet these catches he did not regard
As fishing.

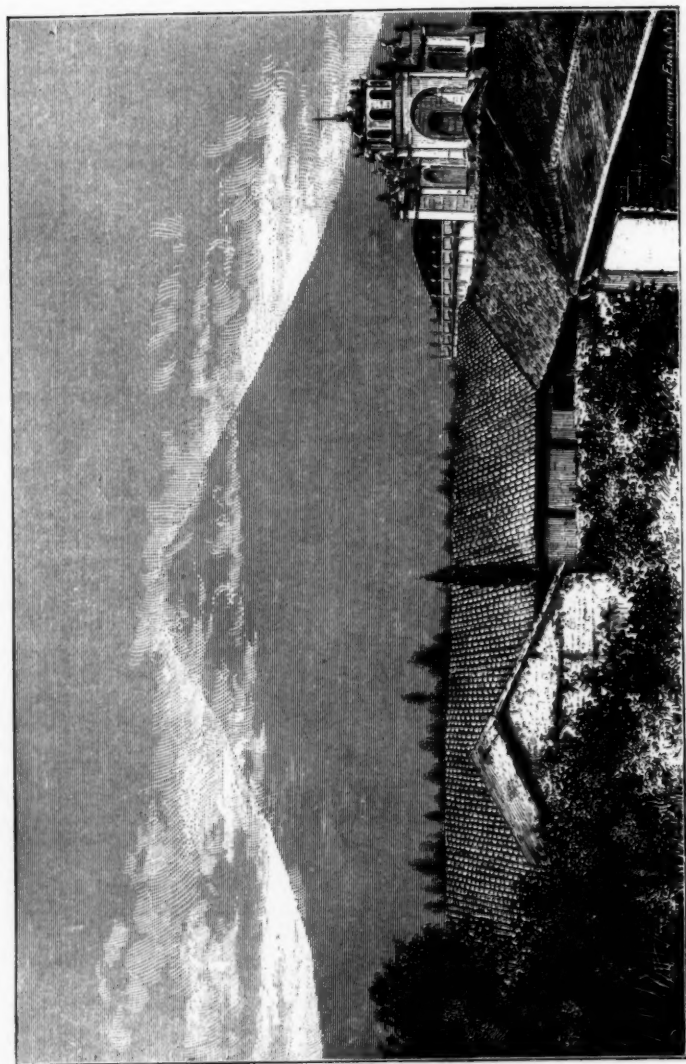
It is true he did afterward catch a few fishes,
But nothing to equal his hopes or his wishes.

He caught one respectable chub,
By baiting his hook with a grub,
A few sickly perch and two or three cunners,
And one of a kind of bass known as tide-runners,
But the great catch of all, if I recollect right,
Was the thrashing he caught from his father—that
night,

For fishing.

F. D. S.





VULCAN DE AGUA (WATER VOLCANO), GUATEMALA.

From the engraving by J. A. P.